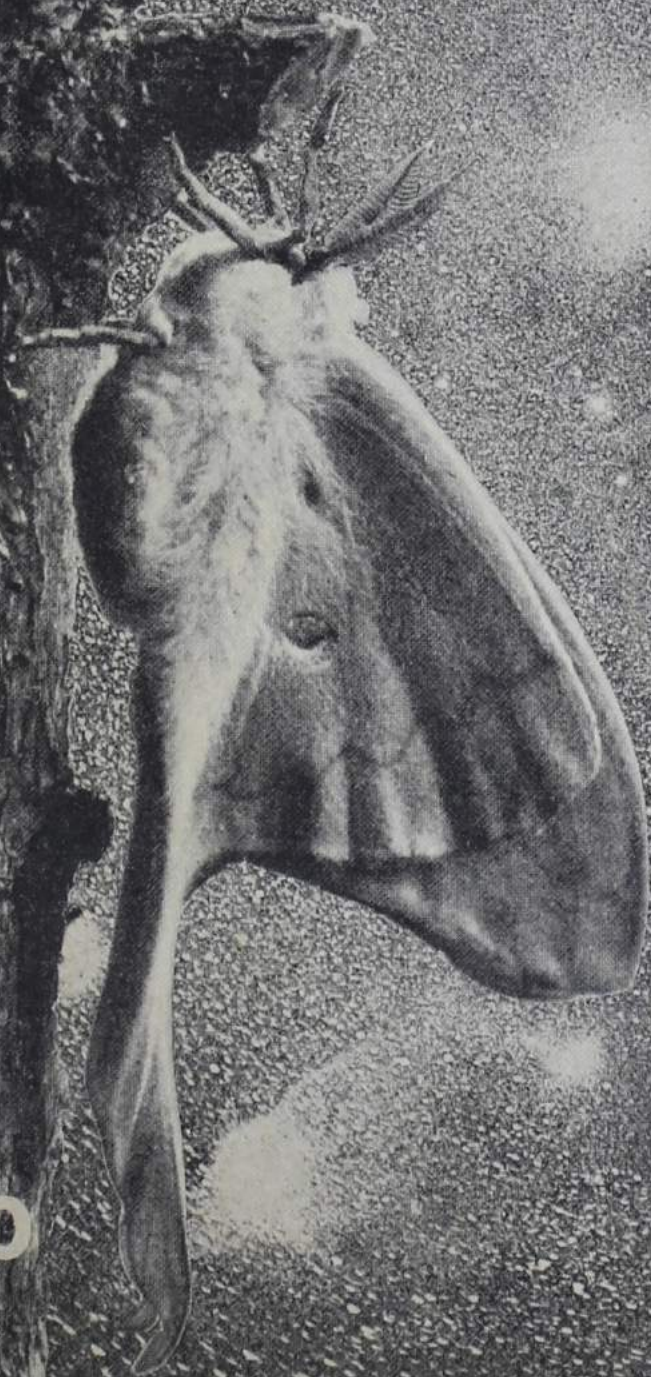




CATERPILLAR 8

9



1.50



NY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK
 NY ROBERT DUNCAN: A journal where new academics and
 NY old bohemians find themselves in one congregation; a ve-
 NY hicle of informed new thought and early key documents
 NY of modern poetry; an eclectic intelligence; a ground that is
 NY responsive to possibilities: STONY BROOK provides the
 NY much needed forum of serious and engaged men con-
 NY cerned with what is happening in contemporary poetry.
 NY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK
 NY BROOK 3/4 available october includes :
 NY BROOK Blake's AMERICA in facsimile [Illuminated]
 NY BROOK A neo-"Objectivist" anthology [Oppen, Rakosi,
 NY BROOK Niedecker, Reznikoff]
 NY BROOK S West Coast poets [Stanley, Kyger, Bromige,
 NY BROOK ST Dull, Bukowsky]
 NY BROOK STC Translations from "primitive" poetries,
 NY BROOK STON Chinese, French [Ponge, Desnos, Daumal, Arp
 NY BROOK STON Hugh Kenner on Provançal and Pound
 NY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STC PLUS
 NY BROOK STONY Works by Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Robert
 NY BROOK STONY Duncan, Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, Gary Snyder, Ian
 NY BROOK STONY Finlay, Louis Simpson, Allen Ginsberg, Muriel Rukeyser,
 NY BROOK STONY John Wieners, Jerome Rothenberg, Clayton Eshleman,
 NY BROOK STONY Jim Harrison, Carl Rakosi, Hugh Kenner, Charles Simic,
 NY BROOK STONY J.D. Reed, David Bromige, Joanne Kyger, Jackson Mac-
 NY BROOK STONY Low, Tim Reynolds, James Laughlin, Jim Tate, Nicanor
 NY BROOK STONY Parra, Francis Ponge, Robert Pinget, Charles Reznikoff,
 NY BROOK STONY Harold Dicker, Mathias Goeritz, David Antin, George Qua-
 NY BROOK STONY sha, Michael Hamburger, Yvan Goll, and many others.
 NY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK STONY BROOK
 NY BROOK STONY BROOK

ed : george quasha
 NY BROOK STONY BROOK
 NY BROOK STONY BROOK
 Make all checks payable to The Stony Brook Poetics
 Foundation and address orders, subscriptions and con-
 tributions to Small Publishers' Company, 276 Park Ave-
 nue South, New York, NY 10010. STONY BROOK

CATERPILLAR, "A Gathering of the Tribes", is published and edited by
 Clayton Eshleman. Contributing Editor: Robert Kelly. Managing Editor:
 Brian McInerny. The magazine appears quarterly --October January April
 July--; the present double issue is Volume II, #s 3, 4. Or Issue #8/9. Year-
 ly subscriptions are \$6.00, current issue \$1.50. Back issues, from #3 on,
 are available thru AMS Press, 56 E. 13th Street, NYC, NY. Manuscripts
 and subscriptions go to the Editorial Office at 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013.
 U.S. national newstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 155
 West 15th Street, NYC 10011. APPLICATION TO MAIL AT SECOND CLASS
 POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Copyright © 1969 by
 Clayton Eshleman.

IT IS TIME TO START KNOWING WHAT YOU ARE DOING, COMMON MAN IN THE STREET. Your innocence no longer suffices to excuse you from your guilt of such crimes. You will not hide much longer behind your innocence. You will start knowing what you are doing when you murder Christ.

---Wilhelm Reich

Caterpillar⁸₉

"A Gathering of the Tribes"

OCTOBER 1969

Paul Celan: 18 poems	4
Gerrit Lansing: STANZAS OF HYPARXIS	23
David Meltzer: SONG OF DAVID	26
Carolee Schneemann: NOTATIONS	30
Charles Bukowski: WHAT A MAN I WAS	45
Virgo poster	48
Clayton Eshleman: AN ODE TO AUTUMN	49
Kenneth Irby: <u>review</u>	56
Joanne Kyger: A NOVEL	57
Stephen Jonas: ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE TRIBES	65
Peter Passuntino: "Letter to Ordaz" (gouache)	71
Richard Grossinger: THE GAME	72
Frank Samperi: ANAMESIS	76
Peter Passuntino: "Midnight Star" (gouache)	103
Rochelle Owens: <u>Scene 2</u> from HE WANTS SHIH	104
Peter Passuntino: "Ambulant Lion" (gouache)	118
Diane Wakoski: 2 poems	119
Charles Stein: poem	126
Leon Golub: <u>review</u>	127

Nancy Spero: 4 gouaches

- 1) Miss Liberty - Eagle - Victim
- 2) Victims Thrown From Helicopter
- 3) Pilot - Eagle - Skull
- 4) Helicopter Blades - Burnt Victims

Jeanetta Jones: MYSTERY : TWO 129

Cid Corman: 3 SLOW POEMS 138

Thomas Meyer: 2 poems 142

Kenneth Irby: review 144

Clayton Eshleman: OPEN LETTER TO GEO. STANLEY 145

Robert Kelly: MARGARET LEWIS AND MARY GREENLEA
150

John Enright: 3 poems 160

Peter Passuntino: "Hero's Message" (gouache) 163

Cid Corman: review 164

Jerome Rothenberg: PORTRAIT OF A JEW... 188

Robert Hogg: AIRES IN PISCES DREAM 190

Samuel Charters: review 195

Peter Passuntino: "Quetzcoatl" (gouache) 197

Larry Eigner: 6 poems 198

Ronald Silliman: FROM AN ABANDONED TEXT 205

Janine Pommy-Vega: VIKING WARRIOR ANGEL 206

Corinne Robins: review 207

Joe Early: 2 poems 209

Larry Goodell: LAST SIGHT & SACRIFICE 210

Michael McClure: 9 FLEAS 212

Jack Hirschman: DILDO 221

Sue Wilkins: poem 222

Kenneth Irby: SUMMER FOG 223

Peter Passuntino: "Night in Chapultepec Castle"
(gouache) 228

Robert Duncan: MAN'S FULFILLMENT IN ORDER AND
STRIFE 229

Books Received 250

Front & Back Cover Collage: Jess

Paul Celan:

(18 poems)

from SPRACHGITTER / Speechlattice
(S. Fischer Verlag, 1959)

3 poems

A HAND

The table, of timeswood, with
its ricepottage and its wine.
It is
grown quiet, eaten, drunken.

A hand, that I kissed,
shines to the mouths.

OVERHEAD, SOUNDLESS, the
travellers: vulture and star.

Under, at last, ourselves,
ten in number, the sandfolk. Time,
how otherwise, it has
also for us an hour, here,
in the sandcity.

(Recount word of the well, recount
of wellwreath, wellwheel, of
wellchambers -- recount.

Count and recount, the clock,
this too, runs down.

Water: what
a word. We understand you, life.)

The stranger, uninvited, from where,
the guest.
His dripping clothes.
His dripping eyes.

(Recount us word of the well, of --
Count and recount.
Water: what
a word.)

His clothes-and-eyes, he stands,
like us, full of night, revealing
insight, he counts now,
like us, to ten
and no further.

Overhead, the
travellers
are still
inaudible.

THE WORLD, to us
into empty hour proceeded:

Two
treetrunks, black,
branches gone, without
nodes.
In the jetswake, sharpened, the
one free-
standing highleaf.

So we here, in the empty,
stand by the banners.

from DIE NIEMANDSROSE / The Noonrose
(S. Fischer Verlag, 1964)

11 poems

THE WORD of the De Profundis,
which we have read.
The years, the words since then.
So are we even yet.

Knowst thou, that space is unending,
knowst thou, thou needst not run away,
knowst thou, what was written in thine eye
deepens our depths.

WITH WINE and bewilderment, with
both their dregs:

I rode through the snow, dost hear,
I rode God away off -- nearness, he sang,
it was
our last ride over
the human-hurdles.

They ducked when
they heard us over them, they
wrote, they
hoked our whinnying
up in one of
their embellished languages.

SO MANY constellations
 proffered us. I was,
 as I gazed at you -- when? --,
 outside with
 the other worlds.

O these ways, galactic,
 o this hour, which
 night swung over us in
 the burden of our names. It is,
 I know, not true
 that we lived, there went
 blind only a breath between
 There and Not-there and Sometime,
 cometlike dithered an eye
 to extinction, in the gorges,
 there, where it went out, stood
 bedazzlingly time,
 by which already upto and downfrom
 and overhead grew, what
 is or was or will be --,

I know,
 I know and you know, we knew,
 we didnt know, we
 were ya there and not there,
 and sometimes, when
 only nothingness stood between us, found
 ourselves all together.

AT BOTH HANDS, there
 where the stars grew to me, far
 from all skies, near
 all skies:

O
 to be awake then! How
 the world opens to us, right
 through us!

You are
 where your eye is, you are
 over, are
 under, I
 find my way out.

O this wandering empty
 open middle. Divided,
 I fall to you, you
 fall to me, each from himself
 has fallen, we look
 out through:

The
 Selfsame
 has lost
 us, the
 Selfsame
 has forgotten
 us, the
 Selfsame
 has us -- --

TWELVE YEARS

The true-
 remained, true--
 become line: ... your
house in Paris -- at
the altar of your hands.

Thrice pervasive,
 thrice perspicuous.

.....

It turns dumb, it turns deaf
 behind the eyes.
 I see the poison bloom.
 In every word and figure.

Go. Come.
 Love douses its name: it
 is written for you.

WITH ALL THOUGHTS did I go
out into the world: which was you,
you my soft, you my open, and --
you received us.

Who
says that all failed us,
when our eyes grew dim?
All awoke, all arose.

Great came a sun swimming, bright
stood soul and soul against it, clear,
imperiously they silenced it
in its course.

Easy
did your womb open up, silent
rose a breath into the ether,
and what grew cloudy was not,
was not form and from us here,
was not
as good as a name?

DUMB FALLFRAGRANCE. The
starflower, unsnapped, gone
between homeland and abyss through
your memory.

A strange nowhere-ness was
utterly immediate, you had
almost
lived.

TÜBINGEN, JANUARY

To blindness per-
 suaded eyes.
 Their -- "an
 enigma's pure-
 insurgency"--, their
 remembrance of
 swimming Hölderlintowers, gull-
 encircled.

Visits of drowned carpenters at
 these
 plunging words:

Had,
 had a man,
 had a man come into the world, today, with
 the glowingbeard of the
 patriarchs: he could,
 had he spoken of this
 time, he
 could
 only babble and babble,
 alway-, alway-
 s, s.

("Pallaksch. Pallaksch.")

A DOUBLETALKING CON-MAN & WASTREL DITTY
 SUNG IN PARIS AT THE EMPRÈS PONTOISE
 BY PAUL CELAN
 OF CZERNOWITZ NEAR SADAGORA

But sometimes, in dark times,

Heinrich Heine, For Edom

In days of yore when rope hung high,
 then, ah then indeed there was
 an acme.

Where is my beard, wind, where
 my Jewishmark, where
 my beard, that you pluck?

Crooked was the way that I went,
 crooked it was, ay,
 for, ay,
 it was head on.

Heigh-o.

Crooked, like my nose is.
 Nose.

And off we went to Friuli.
There we had, there we had.
 For there did the almond flourish.
 Mandelbaum, Bandelmaum.

Mandeltraum, Trandelmaum.

And yes the Machandelbaum.
 Chandelbaum.

Heigh-o.
 Aum.

Envoi

But,
 but the tree only trees. It,
 it too
 stands against
the plague.

RADIX, MATRIX

As one speaks to stone, as
 you,
 me from the abyss here, from
 a homeland here con-
 nected kin, pro-
 jected, you,
 you me formerly,
 you me in the null of a night,
 you in the Again-night en-
 countered, you
 Again-you --:

Then, when I was not there,
 then, when you
 paced off the acre, alone:

Who,
 who was it, which
 sex, which murdered, which
 stood black against the sky:
 prick and ball -- ?

(Seed.
 Seed of Abraham. Seed of Jesse. Nobody's
 seed -- O
 ours.)

Yes,
 as one speaks to stone, as
 you
 with my hands thereat
 and in nothingness grasp, so
 is what here is:

even this
 receptacle splits,
 this
 descent
 is the one of the wild-
 flowering crowns.

THE SYLLABLE ACHE

It put itself in Your hand:
 a You, deathless,
 unto which all I arrived. Wordfree
 voices whirled about, emptyforms, all
 went into them, was mixed
 and unmixed
 and again
 mixed up.

The numbers were
 interwoven in the
 innumerable. One and thousand and what
 before and after
 was greater than itself, smaller, full-
 ripened and
 back- and forth-
 transformed into
 sprouting Never.

Forgotten grabbed
 at To-be-forgotten, earthparts, heartparts
 swam,
 sank and swam. Columbus,
 the time-
 less in eye, the mother-
 flower,
 murdered masts and sails. All fares forth,
 free,
 discovering,
 the compass-flower fades, point
 by leafpoint, an ocean
 blossomed to height and to day, in blacklight
 of wildrudderstreaks. In coffins,
 in urns, canopic jars
 awoke the little children
 Jasper, Agate, Amethyst -- peoples,
 stock and kin, a blind

Let there be

is knotted in
 the serpentheaded free-
 ropes --: a
 knot
 (and back -- and against -- and but -- and twin -- and thou-

sand knot), by which
 the carnivaleyed brood
 of martenstars in the abyss
 marked, marked, marked
 letter by letter out.

from ATEMWENDE / Breathtaking
(Suherkamp Verlag, 1968)

2 poems

THINWOODDAY under
netnerved heavenleaf. Through
largecelled emptyhours clammers, in rain,
the blackblue, the
thoughtchafer.

Animalblooded words
throng before its feelers.

WAYS in the shadow-snout
of your hand.

Out of the four-finger-furrow
I root up the
petrified blessing.

from FADENSONNEN / Threadsuns
(Suhrkamp Verlag, 1968)

2 poems

SPEECHWALLS, spaceinwards --
reeled in into yourself,
you go bawling through up to the lastwall.

The fogs burn.

The heat hangs within you.

BOTH' S unscarred bodies,
 both' s deathleaf over the bareness,
 both' s unrealized face.

Drawn ashore by
 the whitest root
 of the whitest
 tree.

Versions by Cid Corman

Translator' s note: These poems
 are being offered here against
 the author' s wishes, reluctantly,
 but in the feeling that the realm
 of poetry transcends personal
 issues and noting that some fif-
 teen years' work on this poet' s
 oeuvre is involved. The poems
 from SPRACHGITTER have had
 benefit from the assistance of
 Helmut Bonheim and all from
 Günter Nitschke. They are not
 responsible, however, for the
 results.7

Gerrit Lansing:

STANZAS OF HYPARXIS

1. In the child's game implacable,
Imperium on Luna,
if not a bug-eyed leap
a giant step at least
to be eaten with breakfast food by children,
as matter of fact as that,
crackle of product in a dish.
The boy wipes his mouth, empties himself for school.
Arm-Strong, so.
Autumn arches in his blood,
lions quiver in the aura.
Running in blue light
the hunter's moon will eat his mind at night.
2. No time but has its blazon.
I saw a beacon that seemed intended
and whose intention was unquestioned.
The craft is governed by such midnight fires
as it coasts
the rocky headlands
in waters of Attic clarity.
"On the wind-tormented point,"
End-of-Earth,
"and about the shores and islands of the Gulf of Morbihan
...gigantic circles and alignments"
recall an "energy
born of terrible adventures."
3. Plays with himself
puer ludens
in the secret attic of discovery
revisiting
the pleasure beyond death.
Energy animated and set free the moon sucks up
and from the dormer window
over the harrowed trees
he sees her firmly sit the bucking shadows.
4. The man voyages and is not a child.
The islands are not numberless or nameless.
They stand up in the dawn.

Vigilance to catch perception,
 note the flash of fish-scales
 in diaphanes of water rush,
 this is a craft of holding to,
 to make a poem of clashing rock song even
 from rocks that mirrors break into the sun.

5. Virginité is to develop
 it is the secret power of the male
 though may be hidden in a female husk.
 Has naught to do with coming or going
 but with the set to make a soul.
 Not a child's dream
 whom black tongues drag to a covered pit
 by beat of drum
 to be eaten by the Bitch.
 Virginité is the mystery,
 not yet understood,
 of the orgasm from the Thirteenth Cycle
 whose hierophant is Ophialtes,
 shining in fire
 many-mirrored.
6. The long body of the solar system
 (seen from the black watch tower),
 a polyphase transformer
 to step down,
 according to each planetary coil,
 the energy of the father sun,
 create those conditions that inform the wanderers;
 in man nine centers glandular
 to receive nine modes of sophic fire.

7. The heavens declare.
 Apophainêtai!

These stanzas do not illustrate ataxia.

I conjoin mottoes opposite:

man; child --

sun; moon --

hyparxis ; dream --

as emblems requiring mind-work,
 nexus buried.

Wisdom as such hides in the news of the day.

(Ataxia: this is not
 It turns out all to be hyparxis -- even dream,
 a ladder of lights.

The imitative boy is discovering man.
Sex on earth is rhymed angelic motion.

Outer space and inner space misnomers
when what is meant (nomen, numen)
is rhymed in megalith and microspore
and mirror is parity non-conserved

so

go right and left
go aft, go fore
go one and two
and heaven blue.

In pun conjoined:
Attic; attic --
discovery --
craft; craft --
mirror; parity --

From this chimaera, purity?

Something is hidden.
There are no other words,

lymphatic power
is of the moon
and must be.
Her nodes define the zodiac.
Terella, ever. Weather.

But the solar heart defines the blood.

How far out you go
it is within.

David Meltzer:

SONG OF DAVID

At the hour of King David's death
the light of the moon diminished & the
radiance of the Oral Law was tarnished.

It moves us apart
 Parts your body
 Like an atomic scythe
 It is the Prophet's X-Ray
 Reveals each bone to be
 A lunar object
 Shining in bedroom dark

It's alright when the sun shines
 Green & yellow light
 Forms halos around the red
 & white flowers
 But at night

It moves us apart
 Parts your body
 With the bright axe
 I've sharpened all day
 On a black stone

Halving your flesh
 Having had it for years
 Is like shelling a pea
 Each green world
 Pulled from the wound
 Holds the angel of our love

Your flesh is entered
 Holds my hard root inside it
 Milk it until you're seeded
 Each green world
 Holds an angel in it
 Angel has the child's face
 Yet to be born

Pull out God from your flesh
 The flesh I've entered all these years
 God is in my sperm
 You must taste Him

DVD

VDV

DVD

Aleph from my name
 My name is the sound of God's sperm
 God's seed in the name of your cunt
 In blood roaring thru your veins
 In cells of micro-lunar infinity
 God's seed pumped into earth
 Pumped into the full moon
 Giant luminant sperm wheel
 God speaks seed

DVD

VDV

DVD

YEH

VEH

DEH

GEH

VDV

DVD

VOD

YOD

YED

OHD

God shoots starlight coming
 Dripping white pain light into black space
 Spread your legs
 I enter you
 Enter your blackness
 To meet God's Word
 He opens His eye to see me
 & we look at each other
 Inside of you
 We shoot our words into each other
 Inside of you
 & hold onto the bedrails
 For love is letting it all go
 Inside of you
 God the wife
 The earth

God whore
 God fuck
 God seed
 God sac
 God blood
 God cell
 God moon
 God David
 King God
 Green seed God
 Full balls
 Seed pain
 Seed light given into the wife
 The whore
 Puncture blood sac moon
 Bloodlight fountains
 Moonlight upon our loving
 Spilling over the earth

It moves us apart
 Parts your body like a sacred diagram
 The map of it all
 The Prophet's X-Ray
 Showing each holy bone
 In golden halo fire
 No shame, no blame
 God the wife the earth the whore fuck pure pump forth
 All of my seed take all of my seed
 All my songs
 All my anger
 All hopes & passion
 All my fear, my words
 Take it all into your cunt of universe
 Take it all in as I yield it
 Having held it in too long

DVD
 VDV
 DVD
 JAH
 YOD
 VAU
 VAU
 VEH
 KEH
 KAW
 MEM
 NUN

OHM
TAU
VAU
VAU

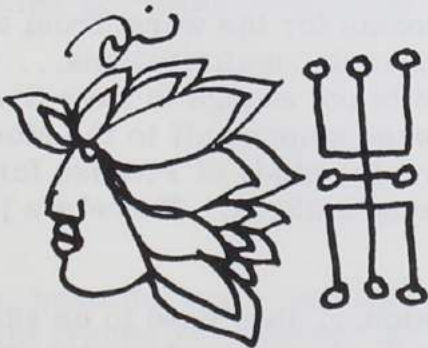
O SERENE TANGLE OF WHITE FINGER RIBBON SPERM EYE MEETING IN
SPACE TO TOUCH THE SOURCE OF IT
TO PART STARSHINE LIPS WITH SEED SPEWING COCK PUMPING GENESIS
BERESHITH ADAM MEETS EVE IN SPACE SERENE

IT MOVES US APART
PARTS OUR BODY
INTO HOLY LETTERS
INTO HOLY LETTERS OF GOD' S NAME

GOD' S NAME
BLESSES THE BODIES OF ALL OUR CHILDREN IN SPACE SERENE
IN SPERM CONTAINING 700,000 FACES OF THE HOLY ALPHABET
THAT BINDS US ALL TOGETHER
IN ETERNITY

ONE WORD
ONE LETTER
ONE SECOND

THE WHOLE SONG!



Carolee Schneemann:

NOTATIONS (1958 - 1966)

A cosmic vision -- awe some; I automatically seek out from the infinite coiling of form the God shape... and they reveal themselves as variations within repetition, arrested movement then continuing, coiling in place. Greenery and lovers... restless, sublime turns in a security which is ominous: wholeness of opposite forces reconciled in stone flesh... what life escapes to us, bitterly mysterious, dark powers, powders clouding eye... touch them. My feet on the stone floor.

My love I found two lovers; dancing stone in each other. (A guard laughed to another; "there's a young lady copying a new way to do it in an old way".) I was drawing. Drawing on an embrace of forms: rolling, halting gestures of combination, of meeting. Complete, secretively convoluted, clearly tenuous: that something is Happening, has happened and occurs again... uniquely, same-ly extending the mystery it conceals. An embrace emphatically conceived and lucidly sexual. What evolution of forms performs before the senses, repeats and then counters motion so that the figures hold all possible in stone space. I can find us hear our hours of love, years enfolded, ears....

Elsewhere: extensive compilations of gloom, darkly; shadowed light shafting art objects, frou-frou dying eternally... rooms for the worst from a best hinted at; a provincial museum... leftovers rank, agglutinations... bad breath, heavy appetites. The Arensberg Collection is not enough to save Grace by but the Impressionist collection is, but it has been shipped off to the Modern. My little sun and shadow Cezanne; a tiny watercolor study of Picasso for Les Demoisells which flies out of Cezanne clear eyed bathers. There's a joy of connection.

Ladies day here; grotesque beyond description... they need to be shattered, to be blown up to their senses. In this labyrinth my mother has already found me twice between her "lectures".

Ah, a Pontormo of A. De Medici --- strange, strange a door opens behind the looming, robed torso, a compelling head. Three fine frescos (a tiny Pieta of glowing strokes... made of gloss) and the Titian where the seated Archinto peers thru a curtain.

The danger is: when one needs one takes.

1958

*

USE just doesn't answer or serve my relationship to people and objects (I imagine that what I take from Cezanne, in some way, gives something to Cezanne). Reciprocity, an engagement of love or need; that really "taking" is giving. "Use" is exploitive, without emotion, beyond expressed conjunction. The word acts now as cover for evaluation and interchange. Brakhage, Kluver and others say that are interested only in what they can "use". The tone is not towards "partaking" but "to convert to one's service", to consume and exhaust. I "use" materials... not people and their works. "Use" belongs to practical values; it does not serve an aesthetic interchange -- the process of assimilation, influence and transformation by which work and life structures grow inter-dependently. I say "I use materials" but I often sense that they use me as vision from which they re-emerge in a visual world which could not speak without them. At the same time in the art world today people often say "I'm only interested in what is useless". The Fro-Zen, the expanse of slight sensation, the twist to existing conventions: not to be shocked, disturbed, startled, not to exercise the senses thoroughly... to be left as you were found, undisturbed, confirmed in all expectations.

Not what is "useful" but what moves me.

*

Sweet love, beautiful man, my joy freeing all desire, renewing light of day, shadow night trembling, planned for our loving (line where snow has fallen, branch touching windows, sun spot or beating rains, hearts..... red valentine wind swung... unending or bent spruce fingers shaking our smiles... your lips.)

Everywhere I am you are. All I can be I am to you. There is nothing I desire beyond what we find together, bring to one another in clear expression (there can be no waste, uselessness, terror or fear or longing residues). Come in. Come in everywhere anywhere. Whatever you wish of me I can give to you; whatever I need you bring to me. You flower tree, ramrod, lightning rod face fingers mine yours, paw pads, rolling buttocks, finger furrow balls, fissures, breathing tissue, sweet curving cock head, tiny eye kiss you, eat bite melt flesh of you me, roar juice and wetness where you are I am combined (and even

so our cylinder walls -- wash board ridged one of the other marvelously) so when you fill me you do so fill me UP is one direction we go. All paths of us are open to us. (All intricacies of me -- sex, emotion, thought -- and strangeness, all details drawn luminous by your fire, light. LOVE is YOU. Love is how

we grew to all expectations and more than I could long for, hope for, hope to be, to be allowed being as I am I am for you..... how I need to be and becoming together we are each one two.

*

When I was fifteen, a teacher with a surface regard for my temperament advised me to study the Expressionists... Kokoschka in particular. My eyes moved to Cezanne; the rigor of the action of paint in space was nowhere more demanding than in his works -- my longing for the richness (engulfing all preconceived notions about what was an expressive image) and extensiveness of natural forms took courage and challenge from his experience. At this time D'Arcy Thompson's writing enforced my intuition to really build sight on natural forms and conditions. From childhood -- without any break -- I felt myself a part of nature; saw the world as animate, expressive, alive and sometimes responsive to my own desires; but always the natural world was intoxicating, giving my senses beauties which freed emotions for personal relationships which might one day have that rich wheeling range of unpredictable qualities -- dense, various, thorough as nature was. My sense of my own physical life and of making things from this life were always united. I began to draw before I could speak and never stopped drawing. As a child I thought one was born naturally "doing" something from love of it and then could choose another thing "to be"! My mother, I assumed had chosen to be a mother out was "born" a dress designer; or my father "born athlete" chose to be a doctor. And I imagined I was "born a drawer" and could choose when I grew up to be an actress -- like Eve -- or a nurse... Whatever the family tried to keep from me they did not separate me from my images nor could they separate me from the pleasures in my body. The ways in which I felt sexual life and creative activity protected me from fissures threatening the lovely light in the adult life I depended on needn't be discussed now; only that the complexities of character traits sustained through childhood are fascinating and ambiguous in themselves and I am aware of a fund of material relating to why these experiences formed in me. I want now most simply to state that these experiences existed.

*

tree wind how can I give you back what you've freed in me?

*

Sexual damning is expressive damning.

Do not assume that what you think is "natural" for you is just. He says "what she expects of me is not natural for me!" She said "things he wants to do with me seem unnatural!"

How they fear sensation, pleasure; starvation drives them to an embrace which is a shadow to expression they repress.

These women are fastidious: the living beast of their flesh embarrasses them; they are trained to shame... blood, mucous, juices, odors of their flesh fill them with fear. They have some abstracted wish for pristine, immaculate sex ... cardboard soaked in perfume. Many of them imagine that in giving birth they abandon themselves to flesh life -- drugged and desensitized as they may be. But they've been taught that here is their physical worth, moon fed, streaming process... let the gift of the child ennoble and redeem the intricacies of their bodies.

When I said LOVE I meant EROTIC love; deep transforming bounty one imparts to another reciprocally; it assumes....all! To celebrate, illuminate respect, tenderness, trust, passion and regard... to joyfully put all we are into one another's hands... all contact, touch, expression possible, desired.

You in blind acceptance are condemned to "roles"; you imagine you fill in some sentimental construct while you feel love is like blackmail; you "take", are "taken"; you marry, are given another name. "Man and wife" -- Wife -- that's YOU. Your own language calling you to change and assert your deepest personal image addresses you by inclusion! (Ever say: "Woman and husband"?). "Men should be freed, healed, and cured, not adjusted." (McClure). Is inclusion an emotional generosity? How can you even know? ("Men revolt outside in Universe World Air by acts of personal nobility; they refuse themselves as usable articles or objects." McClure.) Are you still turning to Freud as sexologist -- he who, at the end of his life admitted (from the patriarchal summit he struggled within), woman... it is true I have always dealt with them in terms of men. Or, Jung who raises his arms in benediction over I Ching where the world is tipped topsey turvey, where the sequence of earlier Heaven or Primal Arrangement is broken, where moon which was the second daughter becomes the second son!

Then when we asked the I Ching to speak about itself....what we saw had occurred in its life as a book: your form endlessly falling asunder and coming together again.

*

It is very difficult for a woman to express to her lover the forms of loving she most desires. Women often tell one another with clarity what they hope for from their lovers.

The complaints of love have been swirling around us; our friends seek in each of us, separately, some key to free them of torments and sufferings which draw from private mutilations tangled in our generation's move to free an expressive life structure. Longing to give all, to find in one another all that will intensify, open and irradiate their unique separate form they find what they want to give outward does not move from them, or that emotions they intend with love turn before the beloved into something terrible or grotesque -- not "intended", or that what one partner expects is not available for giving: that is that, after the frantic carrying energy of first sexual meetings they awake to find they are in some way sexual cripples. Veiled, locked in tracks of subverted flesh energy -- ancient, unredeemable.

*

Women often have the sense that deeply men search in their bodies for "a darkness", "peace", ... a retrograde fantasy is sought in their flesh; depersonalizing, bewildering, she says "but ME?"

*

WHAT IS A DANCER a dancer has dirty feet, a dancer has poor little tight pants -- ankles and feet are sticking out; a tight little top -- wrists and hands and neck sticking out. Reaching for (new) heaven, pounding the floor... sweat beads across the forehead, a cheek muscle twitching. A dancer bends, ass covered taut in stretch nylon; neatly folded balls and prick, sculptural breast mounds, pussy humps. They used to be encased in black...

then pink, white... rainbow dyes until their second skins became stenciled, decorated like wallpaper with toes, fingers and heads escaping flesh shards.

Expressionless faces -- the body was their expression. Feet remained bare, bottom blackened.

Their eyes reached into space without touching it. They were alone. The distance between their performing area and the audience was the distance between "art" and life. Space was anchored in their bodies, space was where they felt their spines. They didn't realize a radiator behind them equaled their mass, asserted verticles against their legs.

I want a dance where a body moves as part of its environment; where the dancer says Yes to environment, incorporating or says No transforming it.....where that choice is visual as a dancer is Visual Element moving in actual real specific dimensions.

I want a dance where dancers can fall, can crash into a wall; aim movement beyond their line of spine INTO space, into materials, into each other -- projective, connective! A dance where dancers can fart, can start and stop, are aware of the impulse, the necessity by which they move and its implicit diminuation or contrary flow. A dance where dancers can leave the performance... and return... or not return.

*

HOW TO GET WHAT IS NEEDED

Followup and reminders (what Mrs. S. advised). Moral: don't take anything less than Yes or No for an answer. Insist on an answer; remind them... don't wait around.

"Understand that what you want is good for them also: reciprocal!"

"For anything anybody can give you there's something you can give them."

If they don't take it -- not my responsibility; that is, a negative reaction does not negate the giving, the gift.

"You've made your deposit... bank doesn't say it likes it or not"...

To remember my real currency; to keep the "balance in my psychological makeup."

Or: a gift is like a question, J. says; again nothing less than yes or no...

All this for my own equilibrium... a non-response or no response will have me repressing expectations -- MAKE ALL NEEDS OPERATIVE.

"If anything is sent to somebody and not acknowledged in due time call them up and ask 'did they get it'?... 'what do you think'?... 'did you like it?':

GET RESPONSE.....KNOW YOUR FRIENDS FROM YOUR ENEMIES."

*

Ice flow chunks overwhelm me -- like like paper (in my mouth) or where?
white scraps floating (my heart leaps, my knees go weak) texture of it

*

Homosexuals so often forced to come to sexual understanding of their own needs
and thereby more sensuous than ordinary men skimming by

*

I can remember orgasm, the tree rustling at my window, a particular woven
blanket and the crib I was in where my own experience of my body sensations
gathered. I decided my genital was my soul... that is what my parents' explan-
ation of soul lead me to believe. Soul was "true and most perfect, when the
body died the soul lived in the stars"... the soul was some essence of being!
Conscience!

You said "regression".

The past in my present is fluid, viable. I once had the notion that brain held
memory like a reel of film; sequentially, through a life time, and that certain
stimuli in the present would send notice to buried sections of past remembrance
created by like stimuli, revivifying that past particle of experience... a dimen-
sional reel from which past experiences might be lit up. That everything dream-
ed and experienced was there recorded, enlaid. A fantasy I still cherish is that
one could open the brain-memory like a book; to see and feel the welter of events
in a particular day long past... in my past or any one else's past because there
are embedded an infinity of IMMEDIATE PRESENT which simply are past! And
the brain-memories of any persons dead would be available to our senses. Let's
go to the brain-memory library and see Mme. Stael the day Constant came back
from Russia! Or I'll get the DeStael brain-memory and you get the Constant
and we'll "read" together. I want to know as exactly as possible in my own
senses what they meant; what was the light in that room, was the tree oak or
chestnut.....

*

Capacity for expressive life and for love are insoluably linked; that was my

understanding when I taught; saw immediately facing the individual in a class what their chance for expressive work was and its direct relationship to their social/sexual and emotional life

ants on the sinkboard: a dangerous mission and they failed....

*

We maintain an idea of friendship while the paths of expression remain cluttered, blocked with ancient debris

The tension, the torment is not necessary; it is a migration of misplaced,

*

I was not interested in "war" but the violence and complexity of the games of "war" as played by the boys in contrast to the more predictable, close forms of "house" the girls set up, appealed to me physically and imaginatively. Physically because the boys played with a good deal of bodily contact, the emotional range had great drama supported by physical action "run for your life" hiding, plans, maneuvers in SPACE, the involvement with the actual environment. In bad weather the girls were kept in while I would often watch the rain of snow through the window and see the boys in parkas or rain jackets --handsome substantial garb-- playing in the gutter, building forts of snow or gathering in a tent one of them had in his field.

I wasn't especially strong --to the contrary, and I had never been taught forms of physical difficult work which country children of both sexes usually learn: carrying water, chopping wood, mending fences... assisting in the adult work. I had no sense that I could "compete" with boys or do things they did or that I could do the athletic actions they did so naturally; climbing trees, throwing rocks, grappling with one another -- but in my own way I was attracted to the forms of action they assumed in games and work.

They accepted me because of my temperament. I was put on trial for a time; if I was not afraid of blood, of falling or being pushed in mud, if I were quick to run or hide, clever to predict the moves of the "enemy"; if when captured I didn't "squeal", reveal secrets or break up the games by a sudden onslaught of tears, screams, or giggles it would mean I sustained the tenor, the serious involvement of the games, and would be acceptable. They had a meeting about me after a trial period and felt I was "o.k.", not like the other girls who spoiled things. I was never treated as "one of the boys" but as a person whose attributes were not only useful to the group but gave it a certain distinction the

other bands of boys did not have. In addition to the basic maneuvers our games created for us I was given the healing duties; they asked my advice on matters where good judgement would compensate for physical bravado; I was sent alone through hedges and gardens to make reconnaissance for them. And at this time it was clear between these boys and myself that we had made some heroic and wonderful change in the relations of the sexes; the sexual taboo we had all been conditioned to feel between the private play of boys and girls turned to a feeling of deeply reciprocated unity. Forbidden to one another in associations lacking adult supervision we found the fears, resentments and bewildering antagonisms set between our public relationships and private desires no longer existed. We had made a breakthrough! All the warnings, threats and dire advice of the adults was played false. My group of boys protected me fiercely from other gangs whom they suspected would not understand my position as one of them; gangs who might capture me, abuse me physically or sexually. In our neighborhood the girls who wanted to play with the boys or who appeared in their territory in the midst of games were often tied to trees, locked in cellars, pelted with stones, tied up and "tortured".

One winter when we had built a wonderful snow fort high as our heads in the middle of our frozen road a group of boys from another area appeared for games of "attack the fort". Seeing me among the boys of our road packing the snow onto the fort in blocks they stopped, became recalcitrant, and asked "what's she doing here?", "we're not playing with a girl in it", "she'll get hurt", and "what kind of a game can you have with a girl in it?" A few of my gang went out of the fort to confer with the attackers. I continued smoothing the ice walls. They explained that I was part of the gang and o.k. and that they played all their games with me in them; that they didn't want any funny business against me from these visitors and that they would be lucky if they also had a girl who knew how to fight and help them. It was an additional danger to our group to have me among them since I would be for other gangs a special object of abuse and they always made it clear to the other groups that I was not among them as prize to capture, or a special object of attack. "Just forget about her" they often yelled as we began a battle.

In school my relationship to the boys of my neighborhood was never acknowledged; that was another --altogether different-- organization of friends and enemies. At most we passed slight smiles across the school yard and in the halls.

*

David said: "What do women want of a man? Tell me and I'll do it!" Naomi and I laughed. They want to be surprised, taken unawares; they are moved by intensity. She does not want to tell a man she wants flowers, to bring flowers to her; her fantasy is that, moved by his feeling for her he will gather up flowers to give her... that she be inspiration; that she is, herself, the material for love expressions. Rather than say to her man when they

meet "let's make love" she will wear perfume. She expects action from the man and all she is she expects has power to lead him to her.

Her motion is constantly moving toward. Whether slow or quick to be aroused she knows that all her flesh contributes to genital bloom; hair and nails, toes, calves, arms, the neck, all to be aroused and charged for the genital embrace. For her the motion of the man is enveloping inward. He reveals her to herself. He is excited by her; she is excited by what he does to her. She wants to be "called forth"; her capacity for sensation seems infinite. She is not afraid to "go mad with desire" -- to lose consciousness of Self, to flow outward, to become pure, dense energy exchange and encounter, to become sensation itself. Reason IS energy. Love is character. (Woman is the only flesh creature at all times physiologically capable of intercourse) (Of the two sexes she is physically capable of a greater variety of orgasm. The clitoris has no function besides orgasmic sensation)

*

we presume that bad-moods, depressions etc., are not personally directed against one another and the one who suffers is helped by the other who initiates talking about "it", change of focus or action which will help

Principle: one in need is assisted by the other... most immanent need -- no matter how slight -- is one provided for... in this way we never "leave" one another.

Instance, again on details: if he spills the milk I clean it up; if I break a dish he picks it up... liberating one from weight of wrong-action

Or sequence: both in a rush to leave for an apt. of his and I can't find my glasses... he searches with me.

*

our relation to Nature -- (My work and Brakhages')

while I've not worked microscopically smallest open eye unit activates full range of actual eye activity; scale in our works rooted in natural phenomena, visual immediacy as I find no where else.

Duration (Zukofsky pointed out in "Northlight" and other boxes) is that of landscape; compressed, transformed -- the total vitality of any one area to another.

Blue vesicles: basic organic shape force, direction of life energy. Bion the simplest notation of a rhythmic impulse (stylized in Paisley and certain Eastern folk ornaments). (Excepting hard edge patterns, tactile reduction, an impulse of psychic severity: Aztec, Nigerian, Mayan.....)

Take arrowhead, horn, tooth, half-moon, yin-yang, snake

Take basic stroke of the hand on the brush, the paint to canvas: Monet, Pollock

Fluid energy shapes immobilized in Ainu, in Jo mon comma shaped jewels and sculptured figurines.

Serpent of Aesculapius protector against disease! The cure and curve of Lotus, Lyre, Spiral instruments and adornments.

*

For two weeks now we have had spring; premature, voluptuous; the city swims in its glamour, everything moves, exudes, shifts, expands; the lights have softened, the sotres play easter mummy to any eye, men on the immense escalator rising out the subway sneeze; in the subway passage a short drift of flowers or earth -- oh only a reminiscence but right there; perfumes and urine settle weightier than all winter long when they came swift, shafty on the cold bands of passing. And the men in the street don't make the sucking noise as they did all winter but have full ramblly intrusions ye wanna come home with me for' eveh, here's a real man for you baby, i'll kill my wife for you baby,

1963

*

you can't tell an idea STOP i'm not ready for another idea yeats -- you can ignore it put it out of yur head but a real impulse insight zooming in try and stop it you'd be mad or to stop voluptuous mad will organic desire lust superimposition dream breaking yr eyeballs open never mind

all the things this generation has individually discovered, defined, hewn, structured as unique, personal will become a spectrum of interchangeable elements, freely available and subject to new uses and certain common place understandings.

what we want we want everyone else to have a chance at -- it insures our gains, affirms their importance, gives us an enlarged "community". WE've pretty much got sex cleared into natural, intense, organic energy flow exchange; we're working on pot, LSD and "black power" which will mean a liberation of old

white-spirit energy and the clarification of sick white autocratic ambivalence towards woman.

*

Style: commitment to the way in which one must do something.

Thoughts images: professor at college! Their old cars, tweedy jackets; strong relaxed walk; thoughtful, wry expression.....and the very plain wives or vaguely glamorous wives (the ones with long hair, careful makeup clothes only a few years old; the ones who paint, write, sing, dance or USTA write, sing, dance, paint.....). The young professor has a romantic aura (he is collectively, clearly sexual... there's a cock behind all the verbage.) There is authority to his presence; he is sympathetic; we feel assured he has chosen all the forms of his life as our teacher, not that he has adjusted to forms which were implicit in the circumstance of being isolated in the country, of meeting our intense and fleshy faces early each morning, of looming so grandly in our fantasies which denied him any serious, intact private life away from our questions, glances, intimate gossip; of earning 5,000 to 8,000 a year. Unless he was a "wild poet" we could not imagine that he would -- without irony and bad faith-- be susceptible to the conventions of a society in which his love depended on marriage, in which he married too soon, fathered before he "conceived" of it, and was soon captive to an image he gave the illusion of transforming if not destroying.

1964

*

I am after the interpenetrations and displacements which occur between various sense stimuli; the interaction and exchange between body and the environment outside it; the body as environment... for the mind... where images evolve... that total fabric wherein sensation shapes image, taste, touch, tactile impulse; various chemical changes and exchanges within the body and their effect on the immediate present, on memories, action in the present.

Vision is not a fact but an aggregate of sensations.

I want evocation -- SPACE (a place) between desire and experience

Intellectualization and Drugs can interfere with the High of simply being where I am.

mutual awareness developed non-verbally; learning each other's musculature weight response energy capacity; every bend fold, tactile smell expression as language with which each other on the development of the situation we unfold. To make it right with each other, an intensity, a celebration, mutual consent to dwell among ourselves in the positive from which we may then -- as in Snows -- juxtapose negatives, life denying, non-organic schizophrenic conditions as basic to life negation forms -- the newsreel and Viet flakes. Handling each other. Mutual interchange of energy. Loving trust enables us to take physical chances together, to be expressive without self-consciousness the process transforming, releasing. A journey of consent which reveals itself to us as we follow. Absence of personality domination, star-thrust, decorativeness -- every gesture the result of organic necessity arising spontaneously in the unique circumstances of the work. All motion as seed to emotion/ all action, interaction beginning with the **BODY**. That's what a corps should be Turned on to each other to the possibilities we will encounter, concretize in our physical relations and this relation reaching from each other into the materials of the environment.

*

these Americans

hard, stiff, cold, repressed; brutality and sentimentality
moving into icy psychic technological "cool"
when they are falling in love they can be beautiful; they are full
of hope and fearful emotion

they do not have charm; they do work with charms in the world
everything dies under their hands and they don't know why

they blame secretly and indulge themselves in substitute/second
hand pleasures

they have energy for work and materials; but they are not loving
abandoned, childlike and convinced that joy can be in them.
Cut off in their emotion their relations to materials, objects
and each other becomes brittle; they keep moving; they are accepting
of what surrounds them lacking interior self-confidence to change
and be changed. Giving, going over feeling is most difficult -- they
enjoy masks, costumes, festivities which reveal them slightly.
They are hot or cold -- they do not stream in their flesh.
Many stream in their mouths, out of their mouths; and so they
confuse shit with material, shit and sex; excretion with excess
gifts with taking -- that is losing essence, so bewildered are
they as to what essence is in them. They manage certain intell-
ectual breakthroughs; they are never dumb; they are stupid about
their own natures. But then, cosmopolitan Nature is remote,
antique... perhaps for sports or specific periods of play and pursuit
of health or frail dreams mixed with glamour.

Wild things/wild life confuses them, makes them uneasy: bugs, birds,
snakes. Mud, dirt and dust discourage their control over the world --
In this way their insecurity increases; they are guilty, cast-out,
and full of anger and impatience. And this obstructs their pleasures
Egoistic, guarded, jealous of their effectiveness they feel crowded
in their need of one another; they proportion and ration contacts;
they measure and judge endlessly, narrowly, they even frighten

themselves and wonder why; being distrustful and distrusted; open and
naive and generous! The myth, the dream which they do not meet.

*

IS it too dog or too loved??
 Is IT more delicate after you've loved?
 Is the DOG too delicate or beloved?
 Is it too delicate to be loved?
 Is it too dog to love?
 Is it too love to be dogged?

*

Be prepared:

to have your brain picked
 to have the pickings misunderstood
 to be mistreated whether your success increases or decreases
 to have detraction move with admiration -- in step
 to have your time wasted
 your intentions distorted
 the simplest relationships in your thoughts twisted
 to be USED and MISUSED
 to be "copy" to be copied to want to cope out cop out pull in and away
 if you are a woman (and things are not utterly changed)
 they will almost never believe you really did it (what you did do)
 they will worship you they will ignore you they will malign you they will
 pamper you
 they will try take what you did as their own (a woman doesn't understand her
 best
 discoveries after all) they will patronize you humor you try to sleep with you
 want you to transform them with your energy they will berate your energy they
 will try to be part of your sexuality they will deny your sexuality/or your work
 they will depend on you for information for generosity they will forget whatever
 help you give they will try to be heroic for you they will not help you when they
 might they will bring problems they will ignore your problems a few will
 appreciate deeply they will be loving you as what you do as what you are loving
 how you are being they will of course be strong in themselves and clear they
 will NOT be married to quiet tame drones they will not say what a great mother
 you would be or do you like to cook and where you might expect understanding
 and appreciation you must expect NOTHING then enjoy whatever gives-to-you
 as long it does and however and NEVER justify yourself just do what you feel
 carry it strongly yourself

1966

*

[edited by C. E.]

Charles Bukowski:

WHAT A MAN I WAS

I shot off his left ear
 then his right,
 and then tore off his belt buckle
 with hot lead,
 and then
 I shot off everything that counts
 and when he bent over
 to pick up his drawers
 and his marbles
 (poor critter)
 I fixed it so he wouldn't have
 to straighten up
 no more.

Ho hum.
 I went in for a fast snort
 and one guy seemed
 to be looking at me sideways,
 and that's how he died--
 sideways,
 lookin' at me
 and clutchin'
 for his marbles.

Sight o' blood made me kinda
 hungry
 Had a ham sandwich.
 Played a couple of sentimental songs...
 Shot out all the lights
 and strolled outside.

Didn't seem to be no one around
 so I shot my horse
 (poor critter).

Then I saw the Sheerf
 a standin' down at the end a' the road
 and he was shakin'
 like he had the Saint Vitas dance;

it was a real sorrowful sight
 so I slowed him to a quiver
 with the first slug
 and mercifully stiffened him
 with the second.

Then I laid on my back awhile
 and shot out the stars one by one
 and then
 I shot out the moon
 and then I walked around
 and shot out every light
 in town,
 and pretty soon it began to get dark
 real dark
 the way I like it;
 just can't stand to sleep
 with no light shinin'
 on my face.

I laid down and dreamt
 I was a little boy again
 a playin' with my toy six-shooter
 and winin' all the marble games,
 and when I woke up
 my guns was gone
 and I was all bound hand and foot
 just like somebody
 was scared a me
 and they was slippin'
 a noose around my ugly neck
 just as if they
 meant to hang me,
 and some guy was pinin'
 a real pretty sign
 on my shirt:
there's a law for you
and a law for me
and a law that hangs
from the foot of a tree

well, pretty poetry always did
 make my eyes water
 and can you believe it
 all the women was cryin'
 and though they was moanin'
 other men's names
 I just know they was cryin'

for me (poor critters)
 and though I'd slept with all a them,
 I'd forgotten
 in all the big excitement
 to tell 'em my name

and all the men looked angry
 but I guess it was because the kids
 was all being impolite
 and a throwin' tin cans at me,
 but I told 'em not to worry
 because their aim was bad anyhow
 not a boy there looked like he'd turn
 into a man--
 90% homosexuals, the lot of them,
 and some guy shouted
 "let's send him to hell!"

and with a jerk I was dancin'
 my last dance,
 but I swung out wide
 and spit in the bartender's eye
 and stared down
 into Nellie Adam's breasts
 and my mouth watered again.

from Bukowski's forthcoming Black Sparrow
 book The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses
 Over The Hills. /



VIRGO

Clayton Eshleman:

AN ODE TO AUTUMN

Virgo-weather

dragon' s teeth

the image is THE ARMY
waters stored in the earth

the image is technique,
repolarization,

you have come so far.
What brought you here will
not
take you hence.

It will
take you
hence, will take you this fall, this chaff
the bundle of your 34 years
modeled on personality
must fall

& I saw the power Virgo, not so much as my ascendent, my
need to serve, but glyph of
a turning, in the Space of analysis,

an ode to autumn.

In my mind these "things" turn,
the stars are mostly seasons; and as it begins to get
cold man moves closer to kin, so that at ice we find
him at Capricorn, or State, tribe huddled
before common fire.

I have lived, since I can remember, in the dramatic
alone of my ego, I have lived fully this monsterness,
in the empty of a hand held up. This summer
something is up, a jig
evokes a dance,

and thru the ravaged lion of this august
 my life perceives this hand
 held up before me, palm out,
 behind wch are pyramids,
 innate distrust of all
 non-creative order.

Far removed
 from that pulse I
 would order in my wrist?
 No, such a hand seems to say
 Policeman
 when you were six:

STOP THE TRAFFIC THAT
 THE CHILDREN MAY PASS

O, it is very formal this pass,
 and the children know to wait, to live in
 the fulness of what the Virgin means to
 all of us,

all of us,
 a pyramid
 my mind and heart seek
 yes, desperately
 to enter,
 now I hear the lush
 thronging to seats, and feel the smart
 of my own slapped wrists,
 you cannot "get there" with simply pressed clothes,

your own tidal
 weeping? what is buried in this place of
 rulers? All the words turn,
 as if vectors toward

this hand...

I "fell" then,
 before this hand,
 was a sign to see
 the blackboard
 as an external world,
 & the hand I see before me now
 would take me back to
 forward to, that point,
 that Space wherein the child
 creates the world,
 the only real world is
 the created world,
 only in that sense is
 another truly real.
 Waters stored in the earth
 are imaginative powers,
 and the power to imagine is
 the spiritual life. Thus
 in a grandfather's clock
 are not dials but the steps
 of a pyramid at wch apex
 is the face of the sun.
 In my heart my hands
 are twisted to noon.
 All experience pumps to
 this unutterable vision.
 The shattered lion of
 experience knows only
 this lamb.

/ Yorunomado and Niemonjima are created figures I made in 1963 when I lived in Kyoto. I saw them as male female forces, a making human of what I sensed was bedrock in yin/yang. These figures, somewhat in the guise of the visual Los and Enitharmon from Blake's prophetic works flash again in my mind as challenge to the making real of woman and man. But I am troubled by the circumstances of their creation, and too the hold, then, on my mind, of Blake. I created Yorunomado and Niemonjima because I could not express my life directly -- I was repressing my sexual life with what-I-lived, and thus my emotional and the life of my heart too, and these figures seem squeezed out of the tension of refusing to know, to make conscious how I was living and of the necessity to be creative, to make man and woman real. Now if symbolic forms are related to repression how does one make an imagined world if one's energies at large are being expressed?

But it also makes sense to me that never do we dwell in such a state that could be honestly believed non-repressed. Many people come to mind with whom I would desire a fuller union, and in saying that all mankind is at stake. All mankind IS at stake in the necessity to BE creative, and the actual energy I drew on to create Yorunomado / Niemonjima may not have functionally changed.

If the energy of Virgo is "the crisis which must come at a certain stage of evolution if the creative, self-projective, dramatic aloneness of the human ego (Leo) is to become the expectant, potentially fruitful aloneness of the human soul (Virgo)", a poet might find himself at a juncture at which he either develops or begins to retrace known ground.

In Artaud's chant babble that breaks into his prose from Rodez -- a prose in wch is rehashed again and again his position, his paranoia, his need to be released as he says "out of this world" -- I sense the struggle to make a movement, a new stirring out of this world meaningful. In going to what a friend called "baby Incan" he goes back to his childhood, to the time when language was a created thing. To express our-

selves as adults in the world is to depend on what others have created for us. Artaud hoped that via breathing and babble a breakthru would be made "out of this world". We recognize "out of this world" as part of the entire world the shaman inhabits, the twilit crack where the two worlds of the Yaqui shaman Don Juan meet. Thus Artaud's attraction to the various methods (opium, peyote) and society (Tarahumara) that would he felt release him from the spells & media of Christian Paris.

I hear "out of this world" for a poet as "toward a created world" in realizing this world. The Sphinx-like "virgin" with her hand held out, palm upward, with an armful of fresh-picked corn, can, in my own evolution be none other than a real worldly figure telling me to go back, stop, that now as it rises in its heraldry attests to a latent to-be-created figure of my imagination. Likewise the grandfather's clock beside her, in which time is fulfilled in Space, has only its superficial roots in a mantle clock in the living room of my childhood home that rang my going to school, at which I glanced to know when to go to bed. Deeper roots are to-be-created roots existing in a twilit crack. 7

" If you innately distrust the pyramid as you said,
do not now seek resolution -- remain in the Space
of my upheld hand"

--who is speaking? I asked,
"you do not yet know my name, I am a form
of woman now being disclosed to you who you
must abandon to that world in order to create in
this. I am that form which fucks with your mind,
which you idealize as partner out of wanting to be
hurt. You have chosen me many times because you
distrust yourself as creator; you have to see that
my image is She-who-is-to-be-created, and that in
that world it is impossible to secure me. To attempt to
make me mortal is just that -- your own breed of
masochism. Attempting to live with what your mind
knows is real you participate only in your personality.
Enter me here, fear not, Mary, for thou hast found
favor with God."

O Virgo, fire!
fire thru this lion of experience!

You are not
as all the non-poets have named you the austere, the bedlam of
the leech of analysis, the virgin is
the forever made new, conceived in Capricorn
fathered in Leo it is the man
who now comes in the exactitude of redemption,
recharge via your upheld Buddha stop hand, first
to the laughter, ever anew, of his own body, and then

to you, knowing if he were pure never could he taste

the sweets of the forgiveness of sin, if he were holy

never could he behold

the tears of love! O

Virgo, fire! as feelings thru, as pistons
thru the watchtower of my pride,
oh the heavy boughs of every Harlot
IS a Virgin, every

Woman an Infant Love! And the persimmons

of Love eyes all my loves virginal in the shrapnel
of my inconstancy exposed!

IT IS Niemonjima, the new ghost, gathering the horny guys in,
IT IS Niemonjima in the sad autumnal delights of Kansas City,
in the body of this Diane . this Caryl .

I have only to enter the Space of lonesome experience to feel,
and to feel the wind struggle with the unseen stars over Manhattan,
to see those stars dilate

compassionate hand held out -- yes!

arrest the traffic that the CHILDREN PASS,

arrest my mechanical momentum

scared kid buried in me still

allow this cold to enter the community

memory cannot serve.

That I should be imbedded
with toes of corn! O
tender tender infant toes!

And oh, Keats', what virginal tubercular towers!

1 - 11 September, 1969

Kenneth Irby:

OLSON/MELVILLE, A STUDY IN AFFINITY,
by Ann Charters, Oyez Press, Berkeley, 1968. \$2.50.

The title is not exactly accurate, since the book is entirely about Olson and Olson on Melville, not at all about Melville. Its value and interest lie in the amount of material by and from Olson himself -- letters, conversations, lectures (especially in the last category, the material given in the "Postscript") -- material, either biographical or cosmological, which is valuable far beyond Charters' theses and intents. I find the style and substance of her own remarks very much those of an undergraduate term paper, with perhaps more simply sloppy mistakes than even such a paper would have. To wit -- F. O. Matthiessen is identified as Olson's Wesleyan professor, though he taught, and Olson knew him, at Harvard; Harry Levin is referred to as Levine; the system of footnotes and bibliographical references is chaotic beyond understanding -- footnote references are many times given for quotations pages after they are first introduced (without references) in Charters' text (e.g., p. 23, 25, 31) -- why not when first quoted? Material is quoted, sometimes at length (e.g., the long quote on p. 18) with no reference whatsoever, anywhere; on p. 56 a statement is footnoted "Ibid" which we must then search back to p. 49 to find the original for -- petty annoyances which exasperate. Especially so considering the tone of Charters' "serious objections to Olson's philosophy" (see page 20), which amounts finally to a putting down of Olson for the limitations of his thought as defined by her, her strawman made up of trot phrases, even patronizing at times. Charters' comments and additions are everywhere a dilution of what she presents -- but the amount of material from Olson himself, and the comment or two from Duncan, make this book invaluable to own. Perhaps it will stir someone who has access to the manuscripts, to try to issue a collection of Olson's Black Mountain lectures, the typescripts of one or two of which have been floating around for some time (c.f. the reference on p. 17).

Joanne Kyger:

A NOVEL

Chapter One

I woke up very angry because I wanted to see where they were and I couldn't see where they were.

I thought get it over with, spewing great foul smells into the air confused as to what could join and what could not.

Oh everything can be joined and tore apart the small prints of his hands, and feet.

Like a great mantel about the head and shoulders I got it set in place because then I could be more comfortable.

This lady holds with one hand the bough of a jeweled tree.

Chapter Two

Around the coal yard, purple iris and white iris were blooming. He was cutting my hair. "I don't suppose your daughter would mind if she found you cutting my hair, but somehow it all seems so clandestine."

He was a big man and self made. I wondered if he had sewn the blue and white chintz curtains hanging cheerily at the window himself. Or perhaps a maid. He seemed to handle things pretty well although sometimes one could worry about how the town people felt about things. I have no idea if they ever subjected to scrutiny the relationship of he and his daughter. However, from appearances, she seemed to live a normal life, going out and drinking beer with friends, etc.

Only yesterday I had seen them going from room to room in the Tibetan section of the Oriental museum, studying their very fine collection of scrolls. It had been fascinating for me to note how the large ugly blue power also had its mate clinging to complete it, or sometimes he was firey red and she was green, her bared teeth near his throat, a string of skulls hanging from his waist.

I was conscious of the fact that perhaps he was trimming my hair too short in the back, but he seemed to have his own ideas and perhaps they were better. Not that they were polished in any way, I was astounded at the way he simply seemed to carve with his straight razor around the top of my ear to cut that hair away. I know that it could have been done better but it served the job and soon all was finished.

I somehow felt it best not to presume upon the scene of yesterday for what they looked at in the Tibetan room, I do not know, and my own impressions were confused enough. We talked about his business, the people seemed agreeable enough in the small company he ran, helping themselves to tea when they wanted it and exchanging jokes back and forth. As I said, it was a coal yard, and he had been moved several times around the yard and stuck up together again, whereupon he moved in and made a charming but temporary abode. Simple things for the great folks! he often used to say.

I began to become uneasy as to his daughter's reaction when she arrived home. "Heavens she won't mind" he said. She always seemed open and cheery but I had heard she suffered dreadfully in a bad romance, and I thought drearily, I hope this all straightens itself out somehow.

Chapter Three

Jack pointed out various strange and illmade qualities of the house. "Another layer of wall has been added which you would have to tear off in order to expose the hot air or heating units and those are near the ceiling so they would be of no use at all." "I don't think you need any heat at all, really" I replied. It was a nice big room, although one must admit a bit ramshackled and clumsy, since it seemed that without much thought, what had been two separate units, were joined together to make one house.

We had walked there in the rain to see this show and they had done a pretty good job of setting it up, although there was that imbalance I spoke of. Out back it was a different matter entirely, slats exposed, for a rudimentary floor was all that existed. That strange cross hatching of slats I had seen used in a similar manner to build a fire. It was back when I had worked as a nurse for the two year old daughter of a very famous and well to do young couple.

He was a performer who worked as part of a singing group, and would come home exhausted by the demands made upon him. One night I could not seem to get myself or the child to the table soon enough and exasperated and tired he had just about decided dinner was not worth the trouble, saying to his wife, "Come on, let's go to bed", when I arrived with the child and said or did something, I cannot remember which, that broke the isolation of weariness from him, and smiling he went out to that funny courtyard of the house for bottles of wine and vodka. His wife hovering solicitously near him out back, as he showed us, "Look, three bottles of vodka", on the old unfinished planks and rib floor of the courtyard. And over a fire inside made of criss-cross stakes, he cooked a steak, and out the window and across the valley we could see the lights of the other houses. I tried my very best to look after and take care of those two, and also the child of course.

And it is now that I sense the futility of watching and looking after those who really only notice each other. Today it has stopped raining, the vegetable hawkers are outside, the orange flowers have started to fade a bit.

I did not want to take away those ordinary things of mine they did not seem to use well, or heedlessly, or with indifference, not even knowing they were mine, but placed them carefully back. And they went outside bursting with color off to the beaches and wonderful places. I put them back and I tried to go out too. It is not that I like to give false promises back.

Chapter Four

When I was living at my mother's house they left me pretty much alone, I had a whole wing of the house, almost. But after a while I felt that even that wasn't isolated enough and I moved to a large snug room in the basement where I could entertain my friends. I decorated it in blue and was terrifically angry if any of my sisters came down there.

I felt aloof and superior, which I was. On my birthday they tried to give me a party but were making such a mess of it I hurled a large soup plate at them. This disgusted some of my friends, but they were not my friends anyway. When I investigated the refrigerator I found they had eaten most of the cake, I'll be damned if I was going to go canvassing around for it. I took a whole frozen pie.

In trying to make myself more snug, I often had to move entire sections of rooms around, as it occurred to me that this would be better, trying to draw it all in in the best way around me.

I invited a friend and her young son to stay with me for a while when they were travelling. I tried to keep my laundry separate from theirs. I think the gracefulness of asking them to stay was as far as my sensibilities extended on this matter and I scarcely remember what happened after they arrived.

It is often like that with me. I try so hard to please someone, I often forget where I am or what I am doing. That is why my own real tastes are somewhat of a mystery to me. If one could do exactly as they pleased, in the long run it would make for better harmony and clarity.

Chapter Five

What I wanted was a meeting between my mother and my friend from the coalyard, but she died. It surprised me. Like a dove lifting from a street.

I stayed for a while at the house of some friends, but I couldn't play their games, I don't know why my heart wasn't in it. Like dressing up in grand costumes and sitting down to dinner. I couldn't put mine on and hid in the kitchen.

I wanted to put together all the different things I was doing. I took a short trip to get out into some rugged country and walk around. However, as is usual with me, I took a ride when it was offered, and ended up watching some shetland ponies wander behind barbed wire in a run down park; and listening to furor over whether there was a hole they were getting into and out of.

Jack is my husband. He can see that I fuss over a lot of little panics and he has to see the obvious when the panics become enormous. Nevertheless, any small thing can become a pivot, although likely as not I find I am staring myself in the face. Jack holds up the mirror while I peek and crane about, "I have such lovely ears, I never noticed before etc." and this can go on for hours.

I saw a real fierce, fat, mad pony rush across a rough wide plateau. All four legs in the air at once, and he frowned. It was a lovely place, the sky was all red in the evening. Better take what you need. Bang! Bang! Bang! he thunders along.

Chapter Six

I borrowed a boat from a friend, at least I think that was the arrangement, to take along some of my family and friends. I can tell you, I was relieved when I found out that it was a motor cruiser instead of the sailboat I had half expected for I don't know how I would have managed that. I vaguely thought, one tacks, doesn't one? As it was, I got involved with a last minute guest who was rather famous and I don't even remember who drove the boat at all. The guest, well actually it was Peter O' Toole, was rather drunk, and his eyes were exactly the color of the sea. I do remember, however, that when the boat managed to get stuck on a sandbar, I got down in the water to push it off, all the time worrying if my hair was getting ruined. You should look your best when you hobnob.

That's the way I act, anyway. It's not that I don't watch, anxiously, from the window for Jack to return. But if he combs his hair, it's not going to make Mine look any better. I do get people and landscapes confused, though. Their route is their route.

My friend at the coal yard can be philosophic about all this. If it's water for your teapot you want, take it out of the stream you're next to. The stones, the fish, and the bank aren't necessary.

Chapter Seven

I was invited to be a bridesmaid at a wedding, or the matron of honor, I didn't know exactly which and the bride didn't either. She was rotund with dark hair and had been adopted. Her adopted mother had been a child prodigy on the piano and she had great gold cabinets full of presents her admirers had given her. She had an egyptian tear vase and had seen Nijinsky dance.

Her daughter was getting married in a real wedding gown, but this was after her mother died. I thought I would wear my white organdy dress I graduated from high school in and later had altered. It was Swiss material my mother had bought in China in the thirties. And a white seater and white high heel shoes. After a while I thought this was too summer like and my chest would look freckled. Besides it was winter so my black dress with the scoop neckline would be better, it was rather bridal looking, at least the neckline was. But then, was black really for weddings? I should have called her and asked her what she thought. But amid all this panic of decision on my part, she changed her mind and decided to have a very informal wedding in the country on a charming little spot next to some caves. As far as I understood then, this meant there were to be no bridesmaids or matrons of honor and I didn't have to worry about what to wear. At this point I had just about stopped speaking to her anyway, and besides I remembered that she had never shown up at my wedding, where I am sure she would have enjoyed herself.

So we all went to the caves, which they had made into a nice little tourist spot, and stood out front, while they got married. "I'm glad that's over" said Jack. "I never did like her" I replied.

I met a friend there of the coalyard man's. A rather riobity librarian who constantly lied about himself, as he was trying to get away with something. I always got immediately involved with him and I had an endless and agreeable chat in one of the lower caves, practically promising my life to him in agreeability, until I came to my senses and realized he was as bored as I. I made the first move and left to get involved with the phone calls coming to the bride and groom from well wishers.

Jack even called a friend of his by mistake. "I think John is trying to get in touch with us" he said. John wasn't, but he was friendly. "My hands are as cold as Philadelphia" he said.

Chapter Eight

I saw a statue of Athena. She didn't have any head, but you could tell, from the way she stood, what she was like. It was very still.

When you think you know what you expect, you still want more. I am surprised when it catches me off base, "But I wasn't there." All of the people, all over, mounting and collapsing, and some of them I never hear from again.

It's a different place from where I want to go. I do care if a room is well made or not, and I don't like the perilous structures, not mine, in the recess of someone else's house.

"There's nothing to fear here, just chatting in the kitchen." I had a conversation with the coal yard man. "What do you think happened to the cat when the baby sat on it." "Well I suppose she just had her legs drapped over it and it lay there until she moved."

It was so easy to go racing out and spend my time meandering around some ratty harbor, or getting turned away from the house of an old friend.

"That's right. Just smell the flowers." His daughter came home, and we sat and talked. It was relaxed and friendly and as long as I remember I wasn't either one of them it was all right.

I was always asking for the specific thing that wasn't mine. I wanted a haven that wasn't my own, and the others knew. You find out, when they take you along, all the ill made parts that make you so scared.

Spring 1966, Paris

Stephen Jonas:

ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE TRIBES

Thinking to please you,
i wrote this but see you are sad.
odes in space-time
where the equation is
beyond conjecture: "don't you try none of that here"
the perhaps martian Jehovah
of who mess'd up one planet
will you try for nine?
meanwhile, see that you
dot yr i's
& cross yr t's in public
observe the rite
to letter of law
magic that is
"nisa dea"
old mr. rossi
whom we meet on the stairs
clutching at that
a social security check.
so man
by name of Hunter

drew bison on the cave walls

altamira

buttocks as fine as any Ruben .

nymphs surprised by satyrs were they?

school of

"put lots of meat on them bones"

(kersoom) Zeus must have

come off like thunder clap

or sowing mythical

wild oats

O september world when nature

musses up her handiwork

or april tells her clouds

piss on you

or to hell w/ odysseus

to have his fortune read

domenica

veneziano

& donatello

& O there's giotto's pupil

or just to catalogue names

in a language where you can't avoid the rime

& cellophane diapers

for politicians & newsies .

be happy Poet w/ yr little bit

you won't miss a whole lot

Fortune's a fickle lady

w/ many offers .

spring

& the world spruces up a bit

appearing as if

Botticelli lent a hand in it

nature bustling about the matronly automaton

w/ verbal itchy feet for nouns haloing to you

across a landscape of

organic chemistry of words

to sprout again

afta the harsh notes of winter

mind squeezes out raw pigments

for a landscape

where outrageous cars

& billboards chase

the artist thru

& over hills of newsprint

run

& let none catch up to you

or you'll die laughing

or to lift words

from a mind where gravity is against you

of who makes his bed hard

lie in-it
 complaining of stars
 so be sure to write me
 leaving the sentence out
 or "do you feel anything"
 after drinking the hemlock?
 put on yr earphones
 & hear Jehobah squark
 of the ghost-writer
 that was Genesis
 "how much of it do you have to
 swallow
 before you throw up" ?
 desperation shaped like a pill
 in the autumn of the wafer
 turn' d lately brown
 to the better digestion
 angel you sure do have big feet (J. Cocteau)
 from walking up & down, honey
 on the concrete
 of heavenly streets
 "i' ve never read anything like it before"
 nor will you in the hereafter
 from an appetite for newspaper hardtack.
 kill ev' rything off one fell swoop

(the peaceful solution)

handwriting on the wall

in free verse

when shall we three meey again ?

father son & $E = MC^2$

of one who just digs

seeing old religions gettin' bust' d

"just what is it can' you do w/ out" ?

pusher or the finance co.

i write these things w/ an open mind

(evacuation before confession.

the sins of our fathers the which i can't afford

"will it go on forever" ?

or do you run out of U 235 first" ?

a fine world you created me

w/ no mention of atomic fission

& when the wind vers can't you smell it?

of the use of humans by subhumans, i sing

in a space allotted me

where i can't separate Time.

you must have been

some kinda thing

doing all this in seven days

"think i' m some kinda ass' ?

it is possible that you are

you man from the waist up.

horses are fond of their masters

& range in a broad

variety of colors.

mythology

from the other side

of the mirror before you.

the Poem can kill

but you will never know abt. it.

i take half

& you wrestle me for it

(elements of economics)

& t.v. is fattening

for the kill by the wolf

who hypnotises you.

get up & move about

so' s i know you ain' t dead.

men from Mars

must be writing our text books .

a dog that is man' s best friend

or the hog

who just loves the stuff.

do all of ' em play golf

when Congress don' t play ball?

so let me see you smile some

w/ them teeth i work' d so hard to git-ch' u.



Richard Grossinger: THE GAME

It is late in the afternoon and the hot sun has cooled. Bob is standing in the lawn throwing baseballs against his apartment building. He greets us, and we walk over to the tennis courts. Lindy has her books: I bring the balls and bats. No one is playing, and we lay out a new stickball field. The old field, with its overhanging elms dropping the ball into the street for hits, is gone. Here we make a field using the different courts as singles and doubles, and the marked areas beyond them: triples and home runs. We wind a newspaper thru the fence for a strike zone and begin to play. The day is hot and Lindy sits in the shade by the picnic table and reads, Yates on astral magic, Charles Williams, and no one can throw strikes, and all the hits are triples and in the weeds, and the tennis players come. We take the bats and balls and gloves and go down the hill onto the big field, mowed, with baseball backstops and century old trees, modern apartment houses all around, late afternoon rock and roll and voices.

Now we are using a hardball, and against the dugout and scoreboard are doubles, triples one bounce over the fence, and home runs, over. I hit first. The sun is bright, and Bob shields his eyes to field. I loft some doubles over his head, then a single. Lindy comes down the hill and sits in the greater distance, under an elm, further than anyone can hit and in the opposite direction. She lies down and takes up her reading again. Bob misjudges a line drive, one bounce and over the fence: a triple. Now the ball is in the parking lot, and we must walk all the way around the fence to retrieve it. I fall back into the grass and lie there for a time. There is Lindy, upside down thru the grass and far away. I imagine she can hear me and call her name. A breeze has started and is blowing in the other direction, the illusion that my words blow back over my head and are shattered.

And earlier I was telling Bob, thru baseball, of the Qabbala, how certain scholars claimed that the word of God, the Bible was to be taken literally; the Qabbalists: yes, the Bible is the word of God, but how do we use, make use of such a word? how do we know what it is saying? It's not just a book you pick up in the library and read thru for the facts and the author's point of view, like a culture history of the California Indians. It is the Book, God's voice speaking what the world is; every passage is an incredible knowledge. If this is the Word, how do we hear it? What matter if this world is paradise when we are blind. What matter is the truth is written here and we only think we know how to read.

The Qabbalists agree that the Bible and Talmud are the Word of God, and the white spaces between the words are the Word, and the plank between the lines is also written by God. The words themselves are limited to history, a feeble culture history at that, but between the lines the world exists before creation, before translation into the common tongue. This is the Bible written by God before language was transformed into history, name into species

and population, before Atom or Adam impregnated the pig-woman, and her children filled the earth with the extended speech of Biblical pages; the Qabbalists are the literalists, and the literal Bible is an invisible world we cannot find on the carefully-scanned pages; the Qabbalists return to the literal word, for in the beginning was the Word, which is the Word they seek. The Qabbala, which is re-written from the Bible each generation, and not the Bible, which merely contains it, is God's word; for there is no lazy way to loll in the summer sun and gaze on the daisies, the wind over water. It is not literal that way. We can't be happy staring at an unread text. We must penetrate, and in penetration, what is called work or the work, running at full speed, a gate, a gasp opens, and the literal world lies revealed just behind the blindness of the literalists. There is no lazy way to play the game, or read the book, for the words are written just so, and mathematical operations like gematria must be applied to every word and every two words. We must find the hidden passages and the secret of their generation, for this is the way God made the world, leading always with matter, piling matter on matter by mathematical operation, by occlusion and occultism: in that this is history and each step historically occludes the previous; each motion is the tailend of what it is, and begins a new word. This is the way plants grow, the embryo hidden in the ripe fruit, the ancestors hidden in serial homologies, each step of the homology reached by a different law. Sex is built into matter, and matter divides and changes sexually. Nothing is done before we are turned on; until then we just lie around. And we cannot merely look at the flowers and be blessed and happy; we must read the division by which they come, the seasonal operation that goes into them, every time a cell divides, the yellow leaves bursting from last year's evergreen, the ferns swelling sexually with sori, jellies pumped from the field into the honeysuckle, the odor and color drawing the bee who weaves a new text, also literal, scattering by accident, in his wings, the seeds, the letters of the alphabet, from which next year's crop grows. This is not an easy text, nor is there a way in for old ladies with God's Word in their hands, a ten cent pamphlet of prophecies. The holy land lies behind the shins, or in their agitation, as Brownian or rainy, behind the leaves and flowers and the break of the branches, there the text begins. Bob thinks it is like the Sunday batting averages in the paper, cumulative with games played Friday night, history rolled onto these tablets and condensed. It is a game, but it is serious, it is not just a game.

I lie there in the grass smelling where it bleeds from cutting, and watching as Lindy rolls over to a better position, carrying the weighty babe in its last weeks in her, "Lindy, Lindy," and rolls still in the shade not hearing me, and a new breeze. We are inseparable, I think in the mind's eye, and she is here.

Bob comes running back and heaves the ball in. But I have lost the rhythm and don't get another hit in my round, go out to the field with a two-nothing lead. The ball drops out of the blue sky again and again; I catch it and throw it back in. The wind grows, and now the trees are louder than the music and the clouds come on; the backs of the leaves turn, waves of white thru the green, and each single tree I look at is part of the roar but no single tree is it alone, as the single waves of the ocean. I am exhilarated in the breeze and run to backhand ground balls, an infielder holding off singles, an outfielder snatching

flies in the webbing. I think, this is my body, I am in it, this is what I do, what I know how to do, it is here that it is happening, right now, not before or after, and whatever it is it will never happen again.

I am thinking of Castaneda, and Don Juan, the Yaqui shaman; the first time Castaneda takes Mescalito he awakes to find himself a human being after all, after all this time, it is too much and he cries. But I think a thousand times a second, I am human, and remember a thousand other seconds, like now remembering the night before and climbing into the oathtub. How strange it is that this is my body, and this is the planet where I came, where I am, of all planets and places, and this is where I am now fooled into taking a bath. As I run for the ball, the two of them come oack together, oath and running, human and making the catch.

It is all given to us; I mean, this is America, and Castaneda must know by now that it is all given to us because nothing is given to us, and everything that we can't use is here, making it unduly easy, and what we need is available at no price, making it unduly hard. Though in any case it is hard. And then I wonder, how do I know that, how do I know anything without an ally? Or is Lindy my ally? Can a girl be an ally? as smoke is for Don Juan.

I bat again and score one more run. As Boo chases the ball, I try to make Lindy look by hitting two bats together, but she is too far. Now I am thinking of her as an ally. But the banging of the bats is perverse, a compulsive undercurrent, like pulling up a plant too young.

I go back out to the field and the wind is terrific; I am totally distracted, the whole warm day, and warm days, and their build-up of leaves and clouds being blown apart almost faster than I can hear or see. I am almost happy; I am almost guilty. What matter if this is an alien planet, and this ring around me, these trees, this city, to be smashed like glass to fragments and my body left for vultures. This is my body; this is where I am now. I wonder thru brain if there is other inside me than brain, merely using it as an instrument, a song to think thru. It is an old game, from childhood, of trying to imagine self apart from body, and seeing if it can be found. Brain is complex and compulsive, with a huge backlog of references, like brambles, hard to paw thru. I look around and the ring is made of letters, appearing in the coats of trees; the ring is made of glass and the glass ball is about to be smashed, the sun broken, the yolk loose in space, and here we still are playing in the wind, in the now. When I can see thru, I am still here.

Probably because I have always tried to imagine myself like this, apart from body, is why I never hit much, Ted Williams would be against this, Don Juan would too. But there is this other thing: talking about inside points as though they were outside, how much better than Jung, who does just the opposite; when who can tell, best to assume we are on a planet rather than that we came from one. Or better to live on a flowering field than in the collective unconscious among archetypes. Better to learn the parts of the flower than the parts of the angel, for the latter will come thru the former if it must, but it will never happen the other way. This is why the Qabbalists are revolutionists, and make of the world their own book.

Don Juan talks about her, Mescalito, and her way with people, how she will frolic with some and is fearsome with others; he talks about being a crow, about how one gains an ally; Devil's Weed is an ally; smoke is. Castan-

eda, being who he is, tries to draw that line between inside and outside, as if he were distinguishing between the Jungian, on the one hand, and the shaman, on whom the Jungian parasites. Castaneda wants to know if Don Juan is really a crow and no longer a human being. But, if we are Jungians, we can see that the crow is a place in the unconscious where Don Juan goes to "crow," or is it part of our racial memory and genetic plasticity to be a crow. Combining Jung with Ferenczi we find a human phylogenetic memory where all forms of plasm lie to be shaped by the head. And in the Jungian system our only ally is Psyche, the lost and deserted princess of Grimm, who is really deserted by the entrance of her lover into the World, a world she cannot enter with him, so abandoned in the castle, letting down her long hair. At other times Jung calls her Prosperphine, doomed to the Underworld for having tasted one pomegranate seed there, the lost female of the male, the lost angelic component of the soul: there by the angels and the allies, those who give us knowledge that we could never otherwise have, but knowledge which can be brought into the world only by ourselves, power that, in the end, can be exerted only thru our bodies, what we are now. Leary would say that Don Juan is using the natural and familiar order, made up of plants, and spots on the porch, and burning mushrooms, to mark out an internal world in which we cannot find our way (the world that is brought on by drugs heightening the awareness we have of our inner cellular and molecular and atomic processes). We impose the known on the unknown to have landmarks, as an ancient map of the moon. The force which acts as a woman, her, is Devil's Weed; the form which brings knowledge and power is smoke, an ally; the playful dog is not a dog when seen deep in another world, it is Mescalito, a teacher. Jung, however, would call that inner world the more familiar one, and the outside world always under its archetypal demarking, always unfamiliar until we give it shape. But the point here is that Don Juan is talking about neither, and I will say neither rather than not one without the other. He is not distinguishing inside from outside, dog from Mescalito, even to show how, in the end, they are the same, for they always were: just as electromagnetic lines of force that cross and bind the universe are distinguished or not distinguished from the gravity of the earth; the travity of the earth as or as not from the rain and the winds of the planet; the rain and winds as or as not from us, and our image of them; our image as or as not the cells that make it up, the atoms that make them up, the subatomic particles that lie in the lines of force....that ate the cake....that bought the goat....and so on. If there is a map it is continuous and moebius, a bottle without inside or outside. If there is an angel, she flowers on the desert, and in the Tetragrammaton. We eat the angel; she bursts inside of us, and there is another flower in us, and she acts like a woman. We go by a chart, but the chart is where we go. We gather in power like the harvest, or as lightning harvests a hot muggy day; the power is the law of who we are, we could never use it, but then we do. Lindy is an ally; she is at the other end of the field, and I must talk to her, tame her, please her; she is also inside of me, and neither of us can do anything about that. Now that I am writing I have other allies too; I see them as angels, as the sun descending thru the leaves, the ferns in shade, the dandelions gone to seed, the motion and alphabetizing of elm leaves and quince flowers. I have these allies, and Lindy is an ally; I have the power to say this much, and it is true, wherever I am: this is my world.

Frank Samperi:

ANAMNESIS

moon skyscrapers

moon branches

blocked

blue everywhere
light ever
center
unseen
where yes
clearly
flower
not unlike
no

gardens
streets
not wretched
rather
state
projected
discoloring

sit in a park
otherworldly

the position Art is Life
reveals the contradiction
work as end in itself

I'm not struggling
whatever the movement
that's the way
God wants me to go

literature can only approach integration

the way is tragic
the resolution comedic

there can be no poetry
if the resolution is utopian

they want you to submit
to the other deceptive aspect
of the Material Ideal
comparative literature

therefore
to withdraw
from the literary world
is a must
this proves
our style no style
ars imitatur naturam
in sua operatione

it takes courage to go this way
because it is not the way of the world
I mean
the heretics
can no longer be
Luther
Bruno
Campanella
heresy is going against
the Material Ideal
and only the spiritual man can do that
but here going against
is innocuous
no trap
no argument
release
the Material Ideal not something to be destroyed
because the spiritual man not impeded
his movement reaps
enough daily to see thru
release even the Material Ideal

can there be a poetry of place
no
people
no
no poetry that seeks to release
even the Material Ideal
can be dramatic
epical
or
lyrical
then what kind of poetry is left
given the Hegelian
the Marxist
there can be no poetry
because the upshot is
the Platonic user
maker
no imitator
therefore
the kind of poetry
we postulate
is the kind that resolves
book
canzone
song
what kind is that
theological poetry

do I have a life
 any recourse
 to the natural
 would seem to say
 no

on my way back
from my parttime job
I think
have I written malice
because I have failed
to give lip service
to the civil
there are the workers
breaking their backs
the traffic
complements them
I'm the same
only I refuse to submit
my revolt
is not to give in
to any desire
that ultimately leads
to a justification
position achieved
society more fully reformed

then there's the home
I return to my wife and children
their existence
tied up
in the scheme of things
surrounding
how do I alleviate the burdens
I don't
I can't
I'm just a worker
and what is even worse
a poet
who sees his poetry
as work
a means towards an end
do I desire
to be anything other
than a worker
no
thus the tragedy
of my movement
any worker's movement
but the dialectical
is not the thought process
I'm involved in
if involvement
therefore
process
can in no sense
take significance
from a logic
not referable
to application

what about the political situation
it's misleading
of course
it depends upon
your position
in society
how else can you represent
your particular view
no report
can ever claim
to be ubiquitous
therefore
the uselessness
of the reports
they simply reflect
the position's slant
and of course
the Material Ideal
is the better for it
because the solution of
all these slants lies
in the integral
that knows no differences

how far can we go
in our descent
toward particulars
not far
our language
mathematical
or otherwise
just reaps surfaces

it is said that Art is useless
and that if useful
it must be social
and that if not social
then the User Society
cannot be in the position
that dictates

word it again
 the imitator is in relation to
Use in the Gift
 if this is so
 then the notion of audience
 takes its significance from
Spirit the spirit an identification
 the final identification forgone
 therefore
 the theological poet
 indirectly reveals
 the user and maker
 in harmonious relation to
 the Holy Spirit
 because the true object
 of the theological poet
 is Eternal Form
 Species in the Image
 the experiential

the senses of the audience
 unimpeded
 each member released
 free to journey his own way
 it must be so

the spiritual life is the real
 nominalism can take no hold there either
 therefore
 since the poet's object
 is Eternal Form
 it follows
 that the quieting
 of epical desire
 is an indication
 of the transformation
 of the tragic ache
 for anterior time
 fulfillment real
 the tragic way
 re-directed
 in view of it
 it goes without saying
 that the comedic resolution
 is not total
 that's what constitutes
 the realism
 of the spiritual life

interesting how these same phrases
 keep cropping up in my work
 over the years
 they' re the same words
 but the significance is different
 is this the range of particularization
 maybe so
 but one thing is sure
 God is the reason
 and end
 of all our movements
 we bear witness to the Gift
 the fact that work
 is not an end in itself
 gives us the insight
 that our release from it
 is not proof
 of its uselessness
 on the contrary
 our release clarifies it
 to an extent
 that is truly definitive
 does this imply
 that the self
 releases itself from work
 only in the end
 to look down upon it
 that could be read into the release
 but it makes no sense
 if the release
 is Eternal Life
 the work Eternal Form
 we live in and thru God
 therefore
 Eternal Form and Eternal Life
 are not an identity
 Eternal Form
 taking its realization from
 Spirit the spirit an identification
Use in the Gift

if the spiritual life is fulfillment
then the natural is participative
therefore
a spiritual art is full
altho the fullness
is not due to
the space-time continuum
from this it becomes clear
that the civil
can become like the natural
altho again
not in the sense of
the space-time continuum
because such a perfection
is ontological
an end in itself
which prevents the civil
from releasing itself
from superbia
it is true
however
that the civil fulfilled
is no longer the civil
but such a transformation
shows the reality no impediment
therefore
it is clear
how the spiritual artist
can use the natural

the underground is a mania for the particular

should I talk of branches
animals
where in my daily movements
an I met by the natural
no where is not the answer
but it does say
the exertion to stay
amidst the spiritual
is least
if a man knows
that the state is least
but that isn't true either
because if the state is least
then the knowledge of it
is not the cause
of the exertion
being least

a failure
my clothes prove it
my apartment will soon be demolished
yes
renovation

the other circle
 circle
 no
 fulfillment
 which
 therefore
 does away with the word other
 draws up the circle
 involved in impediment
 transforms it
 returns it to itself
 a circle
 no longer in contradiction



Rochelle Owens:

Scene 2 from HE WANTS SHIH

(Costume and scene changes often happen in full view of the audience)

A street clash, non-Christian Chinese battle the Christians. Huge posters are carried showing the image of the Emperor Lan, also posters with slogans written of course in Chinese. A sign in English, or perhaps a banner is brought on stage, it says: China does not want Christianity believing her own religions sufficient for her needs. The Christian group is led by two fat American politicians who scream out both Chinese and English words. The music combines American marching band with Chinese. People are running back and forth... the incredible noise and frenzy dissipates until finally the voices of the Americans are heard. They are trying to maintain order.

KLINGER

NEE-MONG! ATTENTION! NEE-MONG! ATTENTION! IF A HAIR ON MY HEAD IS HARMED BY THE NON-CHRISTIAN PIGS AND DOGS--AMERICA WILL DEMAND AND RECEIVE A HUGE INDEMNITY AND TERRITORIAL CONCESSIONS AS WELL!

GRABHARDT

YES! YES! T' SANG KU YEN KUNG!

LI HANG

THE RELIGION--THE SOCKET OF YOUR EYE! SPEAKS OF PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL TOWARD HUMANS--COMES ARMED FOR TERRITORIAL AGGRESSION!

KLINGER

We' re here to civilize you.

GRABHARDT

Wu tsung pu Yes! And cut off your pigs-tails!

(The non-Christian group becomes excited, they pass out among themselves "weapons" which are small sticks and stones.)

KANG

Rise up Chinese! OVERTHROW THE DYNASTY! FORCE OUT THE AMERICANS! THE BARBARIANS! THE GUILTY ONES! FOR EVERY CRIME THERE IS A PUNISHMENT!

(The crowd yells: "SA NG CHUT SWEE NG LUK BOT!" The Christian groups suddenly pull out huge scissors from their clothes... running after and catching the non-Christians and cutting off their pig-tails.)

KLINGER

WE CUT OFF YOUR PIG-TAILS AND THEN--THEN WE TRANSLATE--YOU INTO AMERICAN! WE TRANSLATE YOU INTO AMERICAN!

(laughing wildly)

TRANSLATE YOU INTO AMERICAN LIKE A LATIN PRAYER--OR A GLASS OF BEER!

(Klinger and Grabhardt are surrounded by the non-Christians)

AGAIN I SAY IF A HAIR IS PULLED OUT FROM MY HEAD--EVEN ONE! THE EMPEROR OF CHINA WILL AVENGE ME! THE TEN-THOUSAND YEARS MASTER WILL AVENGE ME--WE ARE HERE BECAUSE OF YOUR EMPEROR!

GRABHARDT

NEE MONG! NEE MONG! THE EMPEROR WILL CUT OFF YOUR HEATHEN MONKEY HEADS--IF YOU TOUCH ONE LITTLE HAIR ON OUR HEADS! THE EMPEROR OF CHINA IS OUR FRIEND! (laughs)

KANG

YOU HAVE DEFILED US! Chang tsu tung yu fan kuo! YOU CUT OFF OUR HAIR!

KLINGER

TAO SHUO AI! YES! BE GLAD THAT YOUR PIGS-TAILS ARE GONE! YOU MONKEY FAGGOTS! YOU MONKEY FAGGOTS!

(The Christian group screams: "YOU MONKEY FAGGOTS" The non-Christian group chants and the chanting merges with the screams of the other group. Li Hang speaks:)

LI HANG

(His presence and extraordinary look causes everyone to quiet down. He wears a mask which has no features, just a gaping and bleeding mouth)

I gaze on the past... and on the future. I have delved deep, meditating the fate of the Chinese. ... To what profit are those who have no thought of goodness? How owe allegiance to those devoid of virtue? Hsien kai pa... The stream of time pours.... everything away. Pour away the strange and perverse beliefs of the foreigners... who confuse you with whirlwinds! Obscene flattery! Scissors have cut off your braids... they cannot cut off your sorrows... in your hearts! O Chinese would that we could be brothers for all ages! In a life to come!

(He faints)

KLINGER

(Screaming to the non-Christians)

Lift your chief monkey up! Ride him on your shoulders! --I'M SICK OF YOUR FACES--I'M SICK OF YOUR FACES! Put that monkey on your backs!

(they lift Li Hang up. He is unconscious.)

Now we go--we all go to pay our respects to the Emperor!

(laughs)

The need for new tricks is stirring around in his brain. Are we--Americans!--to be blamed because your Emperor wants to learn new tricks! Are we to be blamed because the cut off head of the Empress still rules China!

(He signals to them. His group pulls Li Hang away from the non-Christians and castrates him. There is much laughter and like a disease it spreads also to the non-Christians. Now the mood is 'joy' everywhere and for everybody.)

The Emperor wants to do acrobatics! And shadow boxing! And learn magic from us! Two white barbarians! WHAT CAN I SAY--WE ARE ABLE TO CHANGE BREAD INTO BEER--I MEAN INTO THE FLESH OF A GOD! AND WINE INTO BLOOD!

(laughs)

ARE YOU ASHAMED! YOUR EMPEROR HAS COMMITTED NO CRIME AGAINST THE CHINESE PEOPLE! HE LISTENS ONLY TO THE HEAD OF HIS MOTHER!

(laughs)

AND HE WANTS TO LEARN TRICKS! TIU TOW TA WAN TI CHENG!

(They all scream: "TIU TOW TA WAN TI CHENG!")

The Emperor wants to penetrate deeply, to probe the secrets of the Universe! Like a dream! Like a vision! Like a bubble! Like a shadow! Like dew! Like lightning!

(laughs wildly)

Now! Grabhardt, now!

(Grabhardt waves a pair of scissors as though it were a baton and sings)

GRABHARDT

We praised thee Father, we give thanks to thee for the light wherein there is no darkness.

(Everyone sings this refrain.)

(Darken the stage. Let those who were there go.
(Princess Ling and Dagaroo are together... The
head of the Empress sits... And a caged owl
is there... and a fire burns)

PRINCESS LING

I love nothing better than Lan!... What shall be? What shall be? We are drawing further and further apart... yet my desire is increasing... and my heart aches!

(sings)

Waiting for the beautiful one who has not yet come... He competes with the sun and moon in brilliance!

(to Dagaroo)

Why should I feel danger, Dagaroo? I only seek the good of my adored Lan. But I hate the wantonness of my adored... and I hate when his eyes... are strange...

DAGAROO

(Guttural)

The only one, the lonely one... Know the male... cleave to the female.

PRINCESS LING

(She has not heard him. Her voice is excited.)

Lan's eyes are so strangely brilliant! When he looks at me it seems he sees himself!

DAGAROO

Through him... and with him... and in him... is a female.

PRINCESS LING

(She has not heard him.)

...But he does not love me... I want to say to him, take me with you when you go home.

DAGAROO

The flesh... so strong smelling... so sweet smelling... a scared offering.
(He picks up a flute and plays it)

PRINCESS LING

(Singing)

Ah sun, ah moon... there is a man I want. Wong tso tang I wish I had never seen him! Ah sun, ah moon O shadows... There is a man... Better if I had never seen him! Ah sun, ah moon... Wong tso tang....there is a man who says no truth....Wong tso tang... I will never forget him! Ah sun, ah moon O father, O mother... why was I born? Wong tso tang... I love him beyond all reason.

(For awhile she is quiet... then she speaks to Dagaroo.)

Explain to me... things I do not understand... about the monk Feng and how I want to scream at him--WHAT MAKES YOU SO UGLY! I AM AFRAID OF YOU! GO AWAY! GO AWAY UGLY MONK!....Dagaroo, do you know--that Feng wears a large pearl sewn inside his robe... and his robe is perfumed!

DAGAROO

You have been taught the four acts of virtue... but you are human... with jealous eyes!

(He grimaces, plays the flute and dances. He screams in a falsetto voice)

Such a noble young lady is a fit bride for her lord! --It is better to hide the chaste soul's radiance! The world hates a thing too pure--AND DEVILS BURST INTO LAUGHTER!

(Loud laughter is heard. The lights shine on Lan and Feng. When she sees them the pathetic girl creature faints.

This makes everybody laugh and carry about, mainly Dagaroo who dances and shrieks in glee.)

LAN

(Pouring some wine for Feng)

With my whole heart I adore you! With bells and drums ringing I rejoice in you! With my whole heart I honor you!

FENG

I shall transport my Lord, My Emperor to the heights of the ideal ruler... the winds of my instruction will purify the land!

LAN

You are wise and I am only a fool... who loves new tricks!

FENG

My Lord will not neglect his duties... My Emperor has come to rule over a new age! My Emperor will have the loyalty of the people! Without him the people would certainly fail.

LAN

I am like dust floating in space... I try to keep it secret... How shall I pass my

life... how hard must I work? I have no ability in managing affairs... I want only to learn new magic tricks--and some nights I do my acrobatics until the sun comes up!

FENG

Many nights I ride my donkey over the mountains and I think of new poems... Lan, day and night we will rise and sleep together, drink and eat together... When I die I will give you all the poems I wrote... O friend! O Emperor!... He who is born from the womb sees only this world, only he who is born out of himself sees the other world! My reason and heart is joined to yours! When you look at me you see your own nature!

LAN

I love you.

FENG

Then lean on my heart.

(They embrace.)

A door am I to thee who knockest at me... a way am I to thee who passest!

(Feng motions to Dagaroo to awaken

Princess Ling.)

She moves like a cricket from out of a jar.

(laughs)

Dagaroo, take the liver from the owl.

(Dagaroo kills the owl and removes its liver.)

Dagaroo, tie the liver up in the scroll. Hang it up near the fire.

(Dagaroo does as Feng orders. Feng then

walks to the hanging liver and stares at it.)

Princess Ling, stand near the fire!

(Dagaroo leads the princess to the fire.

Feng writes on a piece of paper and throws it into the fire. He speaks to the princess.)

I look at you with anger... as if you were my enemy. Are you afraid of me?

PRINCESS LING

Yes.

FENG

Do you envy me?

PRINCESS LING

No.

FENG

Do you envy me?

PRINCESS LING

I am afraid!

FENG

Do you envy me?

PRINCESS LING

I am afraid!

FENG

Do you envy me?

PRINCESS LING

Yes!

FENG

Are you troubled by envy?

PRINCESS LING

Yes!

FENG

... Ask me to forgive you.

PRINCESS LING

(She kneels before him)

Forgive me.

FENG

You will sleep. And you will see in a dream that you have made a mistake... and that you must come to me to make amends... otherwise you will feel that you will die. And if you go away, and cannot come to me... I will know that you have repented when the liver takes the shape of a crescent, and then the spell will be removed. This I will do by making the sacred letters, and placing them in water, until the writing disappears. I will remember to think that I forgive you.

(Dagaroo leads her to a resting place.

She falls asleep. Feng speaks to Lan:)

This what I have done is the secret that is called the treasure of learning. Lan, you will go with me to the length and breadth of all knowledge! My Lord and King, I have grasped and showed you my magic! And through my magic you will set forth the model ways of the Emperors! --I give you my heart beyond all worldly ends. My Emperor! Swear an oath that never would anything be allowed to separate us.

LAN

I swear to heaven that I will not forsake you!

FENG

(Calling to Dagaroo.)

Tzu ming chieh nan tai lo!

(Dagaroo brings him the opium.

Feng points to the head of the Empress.)

Seek her from out yourself and learn that it is she who takes possession of everything in you... her God, her spirit, her understanding, her soul, her body, and learn whence came sorrow and gladness, and hate and love, and the unwished for wakefulness and the unwished for drowsiness, and the unwished for anger and the unwished for... love. And when you think upon these things, you will find her within yourself... the one and the many... for it is from her the old Buddha that you have your beginning.

(He rises and begins to dance and chant.

Lan watches him as if Feng were a snake,

he joins him in the dance. Dagaroo breathes as though his breath was the instrument that moved them to dance. A loud vibrating hum seems to come from the head of the Empress. The head speaks:)

THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

Eating the flesh... sleeping... sleeping on the skins. Look-- it is in your heart!

(Lan, Feng exit. Dagaroo and Princess Ling remain. The lights go down. The hum from the head of the Empress becomes very loud. When the lights come up, there is a huge head of the Empress. The tongue hangs out. Next to the head are the war buttocks. Huge buttocks set on muscular short legs. From out of the opening of the buttocks many different kinds of weapons are thrown out, a shield, lance, sword, bows, arrows, guns, dynamite, grenades, all kinds of old and new weapons. Soldiers emerge from the hole, screaming and chanting.)

THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS (continued)

We are dependent on that condition where air, water, and oil, where cosh and tanh flow in a droplet... it is mixed homogeneously... this is the life one is interested in... by conviction we make war! Yet means the great thickness earth. In a steady state reaches temperatures of metal. Yet means the great thickness earth! As it must of course be the gray gas... We are dependent on that condition... where air, water and oil where cosh and tanh flow in a droplet... it is mixed homogeneously... this is the life one is interested in... By conviction... we make war! In a steady state reaches temperatures of metal. Our skulls heat up!

(The soldiers fight, wound and kill each other with stylized gestures. Dagaroo cracks cymbals together like a madman and the soldiers scream in pain... when the head does not speak.)

I am hangwoman, Tzu Hese... I eat the brains and lungs of people.
(Soldier brains another, another soldier stabs someone else.)

I use the roots of men for medicine... I breathe into their wounds!
(Soldiers lie down in front of the head and the head breathes on them.)

My tongue drives food into men. I exhale air into men. I pass to them also death... My mouth says War! War! War! I war on men! My mouth says split bones! Split bones! I want to eat the bone marrow! Bone marrow! I

want to crack the base of skulls! Skulls! Skulls! Scatter bones! Scatter bones! Scatter bones! I do not bury! I do not bury! I breathe incense! I breathe incense! Who ought to rule? Who ought to rule? Corpse eyes! Corpse eyes! The raw feast! The raw feast!

(Soldiers hack at each other, bodies are spread all over.)

Cheng, ba na look see kai tsa ut! Come here! You who like the places and times in which duplicity and trickery are done, come here! You who try to deceive those who see things: that they may appear to see what they do not, and that they may hear what they hear not, and that their senses may be tricked! And that they may see what is not true! Bread into flesh! Water into wine! AGLA! AGLA! AGLA!

(Grabhardt and Klinger are marched out, they are bruised and covered with oil. Slogans have been stuck on their bodies.)

Let their eyes be darkened! That they see not!

(A soldier stabs Klinger and Grabhardt in their eyes.)

And make them shake and sleep the sleep of death!

(Grabhardt and Klinger are killed. The dead are removed. The lights shine on Princess Ling. The head speaks.)

The bright moon comes to shine on you, and a man is missed. Princess Ling! The God of Poetry smiles on you. Look, there are actors, musicians, are they human or supernatural beings! Are they demons!

(Shadowy figures enter.)

Look a cluttered landscape with a stream and a bridge, pines and weeping willows, mountain peaks and mist. The genie, Ming Ying Want... is he Lan! The divinity of mountains and streams! He comes in majesty!

(Lan and Feng enter)

Princess Ling, you will be beautiful lying next to Lan... your white skin next to his brown. And he will be nude to the waist... and he will wear heavy necklaces... and a scarf will cross his breast from the left shoulder.

(Feng garbs Lan accordingly.)

Then he takes his wand; with this he calls up the ghosts! Gives or takes away sleep... and unseals the eyes in death. O you young girl who can weave silk-- so much your love and heart!

(Lan goes to Princess Ling who pretends to sleep,)

LAN

How can you sleep? How can you sleep? I have the jewel that fulfills desires! Hsien chung jen.

PRINCESS LING

I dreamt of you planting a green bamboo, and I dreamt of a bird that soared over the highest mountain! Tsai chao kuan.

LAN

(He kisses her cheek)

Laughing eyes! Laughing eyes! I rode on a painted chariot... my beloved rode on a horse... when shall we become true lovers?

(She sighs deeply.)

You sigh... like the sound of a fanning wing of a bird. Sigh again...

(She sighs)

Sigh again... sigh again... and again... No end, no end... to your little sighs ... there is a truth in them. Your heart expresses a single desire... a secret that you never say.

PRINCESS LING

It is bitter to lie in bed alone...

LAN

And again you sigh... Won't you ever stop? No end... no end... like a million stars in the sky. Is it bitter to lie in bed alone?

PRINCESS LING

Yes, yes!

(Lan looks away from her.)

What are you thinking?

LAN

Something fills my thoughts... far away... once I had a friend who shared myfeelings... we walked hand in hand...

PRINCESS LING

Bok?

LAN

Bok.

(He kisses her)

When shall we become true lovers?

(Again he kisses her... and then he draws away from her.)

Dien ku shih! You like to kiss!

PRINCESS LING

Shua, hsi...

LAN

Yes... I can feel you like to kiss! You would like me to kiss you again... you would like to feel... pleasures... delights... of our flesh... rubbing together... To nao teng!

(singing.)

To whom shall I send the flowers I have plucked... The one who fills my thoughts has gone afar... We parted from each other though our hearts are one.

(He hands her a flower; while she holds it he pulls it sharply upwards and her hand slides along the bloody stem)

(subtle.)

You like to kiss... you like to kiss... you like to kiss... With what passion your heart is burning!

PRINCESS LING

(Embraces his feet.)

Husun hsin! I am sick for love!

(He moves out of her grasp. Then jumps over her and laughs... and she laughs because he laughs!)

LAN

With what passion your heart is burning!

(Laughing and leaping over her again and again.

At first she is innocent of the evil happening

--she does not see it and so she is playful

but then the mood comes to her mad and terrifying

as he leaps over her again and again... her breathing

is as desperate as his.)

With what passion your heart is burning! With what passion your heart is burning! With what passion your heart is burning!

(Lighting wild and mad... then they go out completely... the jumping and breathing sounds are heard along with the music.)

THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

(Quiet. The stage is dark)

Po fen cheng tzu tai chuai nang show kung shan tien pao tsu fen wu kao ta ha... Understand the head, chief, first... birds, birds, and beasts... on all sides fierce, savage, a rat a mouse... brains, a gourd... the head to search to search to search...

(The lights come up. Lan holds Princess Ling in his arms.)

LAN

... an absolute matter of fact fan mei lao... really and truly... true chen sha ...only... only... my eyes bite your slender neck... bird-throated girl... the perfect ideal tsang yen fang kuan... is locked in my heart... two men... male and male... one and one... the whole... quiet... quiet... in a turn of the eye ... brothers of one teacher... secure the immortality and the supernatural powers of the way hsien lien... Delicate tender girl... I hold you in my arms ...I open your eyes wide with my fingers... and stare into them... I laugh loudly Ha! Jo! Chi! Ha ha!... I yawn also lovely girl as if we had just awakened on a heap of grass... with a vague feeling as if we had been dreaming and had just awakened from the dream... There is not a single joint or part of our bodies that does not ache... What do I say to you? What have you inside you... that

I am so afraid of... that makes me shake my head violently no! No!... to you
... your soft little hands that make me cold... The coldness wants to make my
stomach burst!

(laughs)

You are sleeping your semi-idiotic sleep! Lao kung yu chia!... And there's a
mass of broken stones and brambles in my soul... I would like to beat you until
your skin opened and your flesh was ripped up! ... You said I had a cruel heart
... but my tears wet the pillow through... you don't know about it... hsia ko
leng... How strange you looked... on your back... with your legs and arms
sticking upwards... how strange!

(laughs)

... Waiting for me to play the man!... I was absolutely contented just to watch
you with your head pressed hard against the wall! In your head is a bag of use-
less brains--little nun!... I feel towards you as I feel towards a three-legged
toad!

(laughs)

Jang! Shih! Wen!... You told me that I am beautiful! You told me that you felt
as if desire were a tiger eating you!

(laughs)

... when you looked at me... You should hide yourself on a hilly road in a
place where the grass grows thick... and wait there for animals to tung wang
kon!... And you tell me that in me is concealed a strange and terrible mystery
... they are just waves and surges in me...

(laughs)

the beginnings of the need to do my acrobatics!

(laughs)

Or practice my magic to open up the tombs of the dead Emperors of China!

(laughs)

You tell me that you burn for me! Hsien fu! Mao li!... Your reason is in er-
ror! One is all and through it is all and by it is all and if you have not all! All!
... So lien tao!... Do not burn for me... tsua ta yang erb... give sighs... take
mouthfuls of breath! You want to want endlessly like an incense burner burns
without end... How you want to grasp! Grasp! Chen kung shen!... Wet me
wet me with your femaleness leak out ooze on me... your face purplish while
you clutch me!... your love is hard little clutches which twists my soul--not
my soul! My intestines into an icy lump! Your lust has the smell of earthworms
coming out of wet ground... my body shrinks when it touches yours... your rot-
ting body... your rotting female part that spreads out... like a crab in the sun!

(He leaves her and goes to the wall

leaning against it and breathing

heavily.)

... Think that I think it strange for a man and a woman to make love together...
because they are so different... like the wind is different from a shorn lamb...
like dew is different from lightning!... Hard will be crushed... the sharp will
be blunted! Endure disgrace and become a valley for the world... going far a-
way... means returning... I want to concentrate my breath... to make it soft
like that of a little child... fan chieh kai yen... In his rule of the Empire, the
sage wishes to make himself like a small child!

(Feng appears. They stare at each other.
When they speak to each other, it is as
a kind of ritual or ceremony.)

FENG

That which at birth is so is what is called nature.

LAN

Hsiu sang... wash me.

FENG

That which at birth is so to be called nature just as white is called white...
Teng cho yan.

LAN

Wash me.

FENG

The white of a white feather is like the white of white snow... pao yan.

LAN

Wash me.

FENG

The white of white snow is like the white of white jade... lia tao.

LAN

Wash me.

FENG

(Intense.)
Is the nature of a dog hsing! Like the nature of an ox?

LAN

Chaun... no.

FENG

Is the nature of an ox like the nature of a man! Nan son tien!

LAN

Chuan... no.

FENG

(washes Lan's body)

The nature of a man is like water. Open a passage for it to the east and it will flow to the east, open a passage for it to the west and it will flow to the west... That which at birth is so, is what is called nature. The nature may be made to be good, or may be made to be evil. Therefore under Kings Wen and Wu the people loved what was good, whereas under Kings Yu and Li the people loved what was cruel.

LAN

(Intense.)

I I want...

FENG

The Sage wishes to be a small child!... The King fulfills the ideals of government. He who fulfills both is worthy to be the culmination of the world!

LAN

I hate the world.

FENG

If you oppose it... it will make your heart bleed! You are the Emperor! You must not break your vow to me!

LAN

What do you want?

FENG

You must care about your power as the Emperor!

LAN

You will not understand me!

(He grabs up a lute and in a frenzy begins to play it and sing:)

You're a thing! Chu chan tui! You hound! Wa yen shang! You're a liar! Kan ta chan! You useless image! Yen shang! You sheephead! Yan chi kan! You son of an ape! Tson kan chien! You imp of Satan! Lien chih tai! Go to hell! Yen tsai chao! You silly fool! Chi mang chiu! Hun tan!

(Lan throws the lute to the floor and then wildly does his acrobatics. He then collapses on the floor laughing. The head of the Empress laugh also.)

THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

His soul is free of earth and heaven. He enters into freedom clutching his buttocks and laughing loudly! Hsun hsin tang sai! He is full of blood and breath! Enlightenment! Like a bird and a beast!

(Blackout. Lights come up. Princess Ling is with Dagaroo. She plays a game of counting her fingers. She asks a question and while doing so counts each word with a different finger.)

PRINCESS LING

Che li pa.

(counting her fingers.)

Did Lan think my lips were beautiful? Shua hsia... Did Lan want to love me? Kuai hun... Did Lan see how smooth my skin is?

(monotone)

I am virgin... praiseworthy... what is the sound that fills my ears? ...between water... and air...

(Intense light shines on the head of the Empress.)

THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

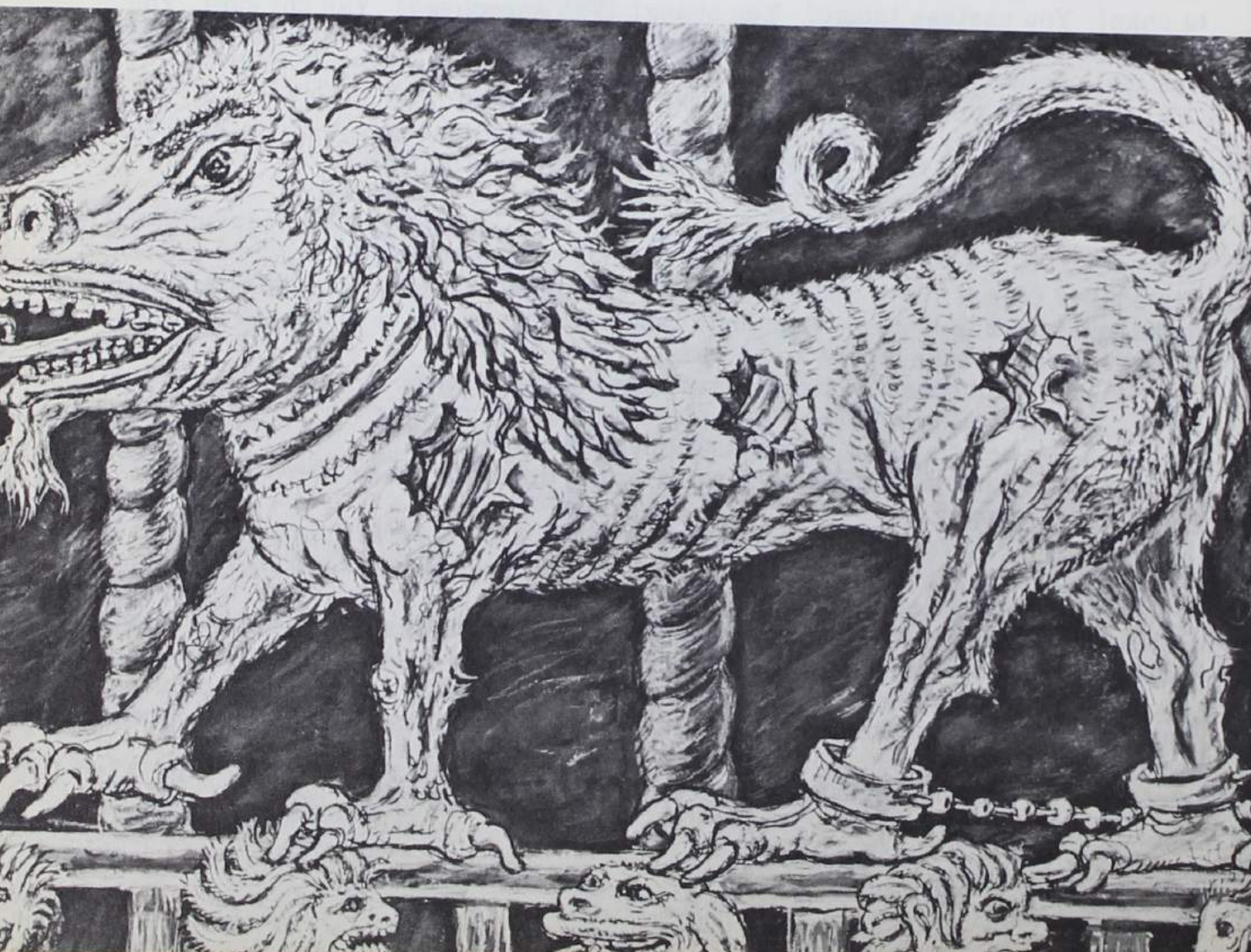
SHENG TSU HU!

PRINCESS LING

Sheng tsu hu... the ruddy flesh bright! Greater than what follows... passes to the lips... causes darkness... with what passion my heart is burning....lai hua chiao tsu erh pan sheng...

(She takes a burning torch from the wall
and holds it to her breast.)

INTERLUDE



Diane Wakoski:

(2 poems

A POET RECOGNIZING THE ECHO OF THE VOICE

I. Isolation of Beautiful Women

"How were you able to get then of the world's most beautiful women to marry you?"

"I just asked them. You know, men all over the world dream about Lana Turner, desire her, want to be with her. But very very few ever ask her to marry them."

paraphrase of an interview with
Artie Shaw

We are burning
in our heads
at night,
bonfires of our own bodies.
Persia reduces our heads
to star sapphires and lapis lazuli.
Silver threads itself
into the lines of our throats
and glitters every time we speak.
Old alchemical riddles
are solved in the dreams of men
who marry other women and think of us.
Anyone who sees us
will hold a small hand,
like a mirror in which they see themselves,
and try to initial our arms
with desperation.
Everyone wants to come close to
the cinnamon of our ears.
Every man wants to explore our bodies
and fill up our minds
riding their motorcycles along collapsing grey highways,
sequestering their ambivalent hunting clothes
between our legs,

reminding themselves of their value
by quoting mining stock share prices,
and ours.

But men do not marry us,
do not ask us to share their lives,
do not survive the bonfires
hot enough to melt steel.
To alchemize rubies.

We live the loneliness
that men run after,
and we,
the precious rocks of the earth
are made harder,
more firey,
more beautiful,
more complex
by all the pressing,
the burying,
the plundering;

even your desertions,
your betrayals,
your failure to understand and love us,
your unwillingness to face the world
as staunchly as we do;
these things
which ravage us,
cannot destroy our lives,
though they often take our bodies.
We are the earth.
We wake up
finding ourselves
glinting in the dark
after thousands of years
of pressing.

II. Movement To Establish My Identity

"I know what wages beauty gives,
How hard a life her servent lives,"

"To A Young Beauty," W.B. Yeats

A woman wakes up
finds herself

glinting in the dark;
the earth holds her
as a precious rock
in a mine

her brain is a jumble
of sediments,
of mixed strata,
of valuable,
beautiful,
of bulk.

All men are miners;
willing to work hard
and cover themselves with pit dirt
To dig out;
weigh;
possess.

Mine is a place.
Mine is a designation.
A man says, "it is mine,"
but he hacks,
chops apart the mine
to discover,
to plunder
what's in it/ Plunder,
that is the word.
Plunder.

A woman wakes up
finds herself
scarred
but still glinting
in the dark.

III. Beauty

"only God, my dear,
could love you for yourself alone
and not your yellow hair."

"For Anne Gregory," W.B. Yeats

and if I cut off my long hair,
if I stopped speaking,
if I stopped dreaming for other people about parts of the car,

stopped handing them tall creamy flowered silks
 and loosing the magnificent hawks to fly in their direction,
 stopped exciting them with the possibilities
 of a thousand crystals under the fingernail
 to look at while writing a letter,
 if I stopped crying for the salvation of the tea ceremony,
 stopped rushing in excitedly with a spikey bird-of-paradise,
 and never let them see how accurate my pistol shooting is,
 who would I be?

Where is the real me
 I want them all to love?

We are all the textures we wear.

We frighten them with our steel;
 we fascinate them with our silk;
 we seduce them with our cinnamon;
 we rule them with our sensuous voices;
 we confuse them with our submissions.
 Is there anywhere
 a man
 who
 will not punish us
 for our beauty?
 He is the one
 we all search for,
 chanting names for exotic oceans of the moon.

He is the one
 we all anticipate,
 pretending these small pedestrians
 jaywalking into our lives
 are he.

He is the one
 we all anticipate;
 beauty looks for its match,
 confuses the issue
 with a mystery that does not exist.
 The rock
 that cannot burn.

We are burning
 in our heads at night
 the incense of our histories, finding
 you have used our skulls
 for ashtrays.

March 2, 1969

dreaming of past masters.
 You have to be called,
 Tony "The Head" Tanzanite --
 a new jewel,
 imitating Legs Diamond.
 You, turned on to some trip in Africa where I also hunt
 for another prize,
 an embezzler.
 Underneath my trench coat,
 I am nothing but a little ten foot sloop,
 my sail handmade,
 shipping me along.

Is it Harry Winston or Mr. Tiffany
 who is paying me to track you down?
 Mr. Tanzanite? Banks are your real hangout
 but one jewel robbery hangs around your neck
 like stop and go signals.
 You try to drop the rocks into your bourbon at Max's Kansas City
 but the waitresses return them,
 saying, "oh, you've forgotten this,".

You only want

to get away,
 you say,
 to another country.
 You want to carry your stolen cash with you
 and make a real life, but this one you've started has
 defined you a criminal,
 and you have to hang out where you're loved
 for being one. Your cronies at the bar
 have stakes in making you love your life and reputation.
 And you are even a little intrigued by me,
 small,
 with wrists threaded with iron,
 following you in my trenchcoat and fast car.

You like

the idea
 of the woman
 who's the dick,
 the one with all the strength behind her eyelashes.

You've used yours

up/ in those robberies.
 Your mustaches betray you. And your cold eyes that
 fall into the glasses,
 fight with the ice cubes and stolen tanzanite.

Our fascinations
 have to contradict, of course,
 our cultural roles. You must kill me -- because I'm the cop

and you're the robber. Whether to preserve your identity
as thief par excellence or to escape to another
land.

Another country.

Another life.

I must be destroyed because my role serves me
as the woman who chases you,
who would remind you of the past,
of your weaknesses,
and who would ask you to change the future.

My heart is not in my role.

It drops between my legs.

It beats in my cunt,
like sun strokes.

I seduce all these con men,
these gangsters,
these robbers and embezzlers, I chase.

My heart is in my work,

I tell my employers,

and they buy gas for my Maseratti,
spend hundreds on my expense account that includes
Belgian lace, thin silk, and French perfume.

But they dream of me,
as a good dick, and confuse my role.

They do not notice my heart
being battered and crushed with each job.

I fall in love with you,
the man I must pursue.

Your face is wanted.

And I would not ever have had any success
if I were not

willing to fuck the world,
throw aside every expectation, every role;

if I were not willing to die
anytime,

a hundred machine gun holes lacing me,
proving my womanly parts.

Contra-"dick"-ting my title.

My final act would be to throw
all my guns
in your lap.

But I am a woman

who has chosen a glamorous role,
one that puts her on a slippery footing with adventurous men.

To die would be easier than
to deny this role.

I would not have met you,

Mr. Tanzanite,
 had you not been a dreamy thief
 by definition. To lament the end of my life now
 would be to deny
 the inevitable.
 But I do lament it. Being a woman.
 And underneath/
 Still, so very soft.

Charles Stein:

Cast

yellow fires

or forfeit

at the dawn rite

Leon Golub:

STYLES OF RADICAL WILL, by Susan Sontag,
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, NYC, 1969.

In the final essay "Trip to Hanoi", Susan Sontag admits to being "largely unable to incorporate into either novels or essays my evolving political convictions and sense of moral dilemma at being a citizen of the American empire". There is perhaps some connection here with the style of Styles of Radical Will. The tone ranges from the calm formal discursiveness of the essays on "silence" or Godard to the rhetorical self-inquiry of "Trip to Hanoi" or the argumentative positions of "The Pornographic Imagination". Nevertheless, the essays on "silence" and Godard set a tone of abstraction not unlike that of cool modernist painting.

These are essays of knowing, knowing thru "silence", thru "pornography", thru Godard, thru politics, in other words thru consciousness of modernist positions. Knowing is a liberation or the sublime consciousness of art. Thus the essays transcend the political and become pure form, the art of knowing as form.

"The Aesthetics of Silence" is a discourse on the forms of art as silence, silence as a formal aspect of art, silence as negation or renunciation, the artist's hostility to art and/or the world, irony, bombast, noise, madness. The author's "voice" is analytic, meditative and urbane and the categories of "silence" are abstract or meta-linguistic bridges to the ideas of art. The "space" of the writing is formal and atomized, information converges, is dissected, shunted off, new phenomena appear, are dismissed, etc.

Such equivalent examination flattens the subject matter. Thus the sections of "The Aesthetics of Silence" become over-representative or abstract. The essay on Godard is similarly atomized until the Godard vista becomes a vast surface of simple monads in unbroken perspective. The "radical will" is schematically fragmented and formalized. It is this flat "clarity" that leaves one unmoved and finally unenlightened.

One misses the tough "political" struggle of ideas, the dirt of the radical will. Against Interpretation, Sontag's first volume of essays was more up against it, nearer the street, the barricades of radical will.

"The Pornographic Imagination" correlates extreme states of mind, "immense spiritual risk" (that of art and life) to extreme states of sexual response and to pornography (as literature) as a similar risk aiming at "psychic dislocation". An OK thesis towards pan-sexualism and the freedom of the body.

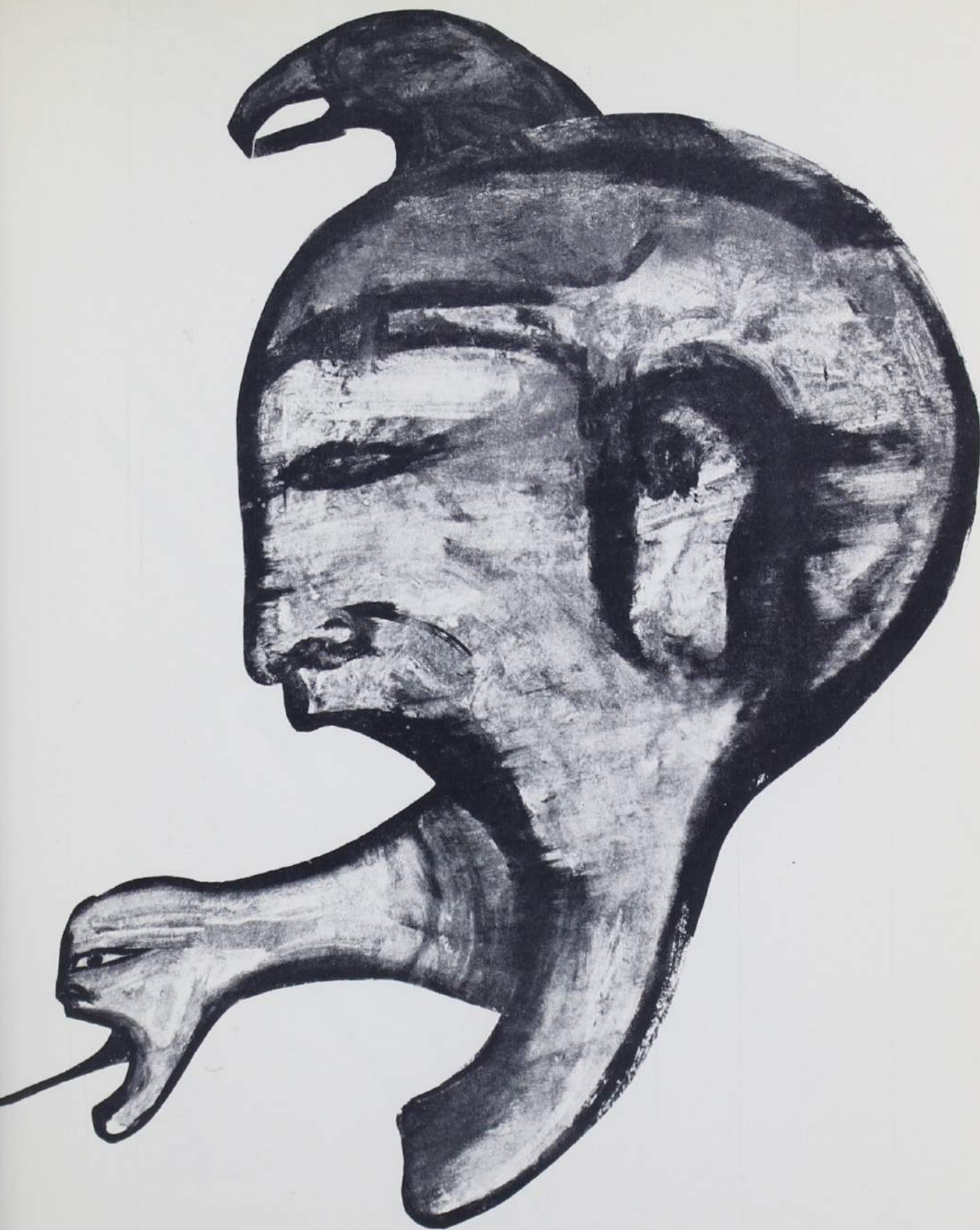
A good chunk of the argument, however, is hitched to a pretty creaky apparatus The Story of O. "O" is a tale of subjugation, of total psychical and literal enslavement which went thru the French literary machine (late surrealist gourmandizing) as a big item. (Yet "O" is soap opera diabolism in pot boiler language.) Returning from North Vietnam ("Trip to Hanoi"), Susan Sontag is appalled by the "drunken Polish members of the International Control Commission dealing out a deck of pornographic playing cards" and after the plane lands by the "skin flicks" for GIs in Vientiane. But she accepts without dissent Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues' enthusiasm ("A Note on Story of O") for the aristocracy of those stripped of their freedom or Jean Paulhan's preface "Happiness in Slavery", an "apologia for slavery". Her masters torture O, we kill Vietnamese. OK, no connection. But there are sexual imperialisms. O's consciousness, of which so much is made by Sontag and Paulhan, is the face of pleasure (submission) we impute to the victim, that so-called collusion of victim and executioner which is one of the junk theories that justify violence.

In "Trip to Hanoi" it is willed by Susan Sontag that we be supremely conscious of Sontag in North Vietnam. She uses herself, her consciousness to tell us something (in truth a great deal) of North Vietnam and the North Vietnamese. Vietnam is refracted thru the writer's guilt (ego) intervening in history. The author's consciousness works with precision and force in attempting to state the dilemmas of super "addicted" intellectuals face up with the guilt of being American.

Originally unable to relate her good will to the styles of life and belief in North Vietnam, she finally (period of two weeks) vindicates that style of life and her preoccupation with it to her style of life as an intellectual and perhaps as an American. But like all morality plays, such a dialectic is coercive. Her good will is a wish, also expressed in "The Pornographic Imagination" that existence be made endurable in respect to politics, repression, "life". Finally Susan Sontag was reassured at being able to understand and love the North Vietnamese. But should that concern us? What if they had been damned unlovable as many future opponents of American imperialism will most likely be?



Nancy Spero: "Miss Liberty - Eagle - Victim" (gouache) 40" x 25"



Nancy Spero: "Victims Thrown From Helicopter" (gouache) 40" x 25"





Nancy Spero: "Pilot - Eagle - Skull" (gouache) 40" x 25"



Nancy Spero: "Helicopter Blades - Burnt Victims" (gouache) 40" x 25"



Jeanetta Jones:

MYSTERY : TWO

What do you want
 You have one
 Why do you ask for what is yours
 You have one
 What is your true wish
 What gift
 Are you worthy
 What course will you take to worthiness
 How will you know when you have arrived
 How do you know what you know
 Are you revealed through men
 Have you met women
 What is her name
 Are you this woman
 What other
 Whence
 What is the language of mystery
 What touch
 What is your country
 Who dwells there
 Who enters
 Who remains
 You dwell alone in your country?
 Woman is alone?
 Touch is the language of mystery

8 may 69

I want a gift from the gods
 I recognize it
 I want a sign
 I have seen it
 I want a gift from man
 Man
 Not yet
 The one under my feet
 I will meet a man
 I have met men

I am woman
 One woman
 Clear light of sun below the horizon
 I am not her, I am another
 The one coming
 Mystery
 Touch
 The true skin of my country
 Cunt
 All who enter
 All who desire entrance
 I remain
 I am woman
 Woman is touch
 Woman is the language of man

8 may 69

1.

by way of the city
 the hearth
 goddess of
 home fire
 the hot male womb by which a man possesses
 himself is
 possessed
 sends
 is sent out
 sons
 into the city of
 his skin
 makes him
 maker
 binds
 his loins to
 his body

termini
 extension of cock by which a man cannot be
 entered
 termini
 erect stones
 termini
 jealous gods sent by one man to keep other men and oxen
 out
 do not trespass
 by pass

pass over
 into
 another man's fire
 place where he worships himself
 watches over his womb
 his woman
 his son
 in labor for them
 he watches worships
 himself
 the tool
 by which he is
 filled

15 apr 69

2.

son
 gentle Matthew

dreamer besieged by hungers not his

small boy genitals press into soft flesh of
 my belly did not make him
 his weight added to not out of

I take him in to pee
 he leans over himself
 his small cock barely clearing the edge of the toilet bowl
 scowls gently

snowball intersects the deadly thrust of
 subway

STOP

STOP

Matthew exploding with anguish

his jungle
 begins with the loins at which his eyes stop

Matthew
 do you know me
 name
 voice
 hand
 between the island of

tuesday evening
 thursday all night

I lie between them
 father and son
 suns
 occupy space male bodies seek
 rest from
 world from
 woman
 elbows in my ribs
 legs heavy dropped in sleep on my legs
 heat

womb aching to surround them

15 apr 69

3.

dark body
 breath in the next room
 tossing

my father prowls
 through the house he built
 my mother

26 mar 69

4.

large moon on the wall

 medium sized man
 in front of shaking my head sopping wet
 sop up wine with hair

 words with men
 "I put him to sleep already" said Ken in a dream
 not his

in front of the mirror
 side to side / right to left / north to south
 dry my wet
 cunt
 masturbation in the afternoon
 tenderly surprise me with my tenderness
 for me

shake my head from Berkeley to San Diego

in a dream

standard American voice

in the living room

standard American voice
voice

walks toward me
toward me
toward
me

asleep / vulnerable / not here -- there
(not in my bed in no one's bed in no one here
there

enter the bedroom
approach the southeast corner of the bed
pass the corner proceed along the foot of the bed
for hours
reach the northeast corner of the bed
turn that corner
proceed up the north side of the bed
to me

leans over me
standard American
sheet of tin foil over my face
knee at my cunt
shaking my head
side to side / right to left / north to south
Berkeley to San Diego
in front of the mirror
moon
man who is not here

standard American nightmare
eyes sop up fear we take to bed with us
WE ARE THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY
this bed
is America

our nightmare holds us together
keeps us apart
membrane of fear of entrance
into a dominion not complimentary to whatever path
lets us walk on it

speech by no right but cunt open
clitoris dilated
wild eye of my sex straining to fuck me
mensch
man
I took it like a
sunrise
made unsure by
curtains never opened

n

ple of

ed by nightmare or

Fourth

ifference

omebody

some time

way or another

the raw flower of

19 apr 69

5.

expression: need to press out
 silence
 from words words
 from silence
 whatever/wherever the meat is

skin
 is touch
 medium for
 the vital exchange
 outward with inward
 exchange
 is energy
 all joy from

23 apr 69

6.

woman is
 woman
 speaks with forked body
 as man does

a simple relation:
 one man one woman together for pleasure
 not so
 simple

a third member
 between man's thighs
 corresponding hole between woman's
 approximately the shape and size of
 the third member
 accessible to it

the logical act: man enters woman
 explores invades moves in
 and out up and down plays her
 an instrument for his recreation

the park rejoices

they walk together through the grass

she moves up and down
 closes in on him opens for him
 spits him out pulls him back in
 takes him in her mouth up her ass
 swallows seed shits seed
 seed spilling on the sheets they roll in

good. beautiful. joyous

then what?

then he turns over thoughtfully scratching his balls and
 she strokes her belly

territory

she is

his territory

the logical division: tool and ground
 the right of man to possess the earth he labors in
 a matter of mercy
 compassion of powers
 for man passion with
 his need

woman is

merciful

looks kindly on the man who wants her
 wants to be wanted

as man does

in silent conversation with a handful of earth

the logical struggle: supremacy
 everybody wants a little worship

preferably more

place/person

welcome
 home

my woman

my man

my house bed earth upon which I stand

23 apr 69

7.

door

woman goes first: courtesy
 door
 man goes first: revolution

go together

if two magnificent creatures
 can pass simultaneously through
 the same day

23 apr 69

8.

a pride of spade cats
 7, 8 years old

sons

suns

flashing on Bay Street
 late afternoon

the line already out

sexy

they turn me on

"Hey, baby, you and me could make something together
 let's get together"

a little kiss

swift boy's ass against my ass

bicycles on Bay Street
 housing project

and a 1000 ways to kill time
 make time
 make big time
 count
 count bodies
 price or
 place in the stars

23 apr 69

Cid Corman:

(3 SLOW POEMS)

THE CLEARING

It was
to get
out of it
somehow
to break free

and for
this (not
to say breath)
we risked
wilderness

entered
summer' s
maze of bugs
birds burrs
tiredness

until
way out
among pines
we were
at a pool

unshod
undressed
and felt the
flesh ease
into it

happy
to be
suspended
there in
the sun' s hands

woven
in the

motion of
the nest
of these rocks

though the
gold net
could not hold
repose
of shadows.

THE WORLD AT SANTO SPIRITO

On the roof
gods gazing
over
olives

almost feel
poppies
burst, see
nothing is

but trembles
divine,
more more sea
down there

where the
garden halts
and the sands
tumble.

Only
the sun
to mull things,
make splendor

wonder air,
sky spread
beyond gulls'
wings gulls'

cry. O
citadel!
protecting
what? All

horizons
vanish
in the dark,
descend

and know
empty niche,
naked
shadow, flesh

breath grow
small, snail bless
lintel,
lizard wall.

MAKING LOVE

Am I the
only child
who has grown
old in vain?

The others,
it seems, have
all somehow
managed things,

learned to walk
and talk and
feel at home
wherever

they happened
to be. And
I have not --
have no knack

for any
thing but ob-
stinacy --
for hanging

on -- finding
myself the
genius of
a body

whose meaning
still escapes
me. Even
I who say

"I" -- small spark
of breath called
Soul by some --
doubt that and

am surprised,
of course, when
this woman,
my wife, turns

to me -- me
no less -- at
night to be
reassured!

And I -- half-
smiling -- like
a fool -- and
half-crying

-- like one lost --
know that we
are what we
were -- infants --

as death -- our
death -- reveals
us more and
more at birth.

Thomas Meyer

(2 poems)

for winter's an interlude, a largo:
the lark's song awakes us --

the imaginary noise in the nest's
an alba, no uhtcearu, &
chases sleep's charm into day
-light beaks in brakes
break open sweet-breads
for breakfast in bed.

The room's cold. The cement floor keeps it cold.
The bed joins in the heat, the only warmth there.

43:10

That valley out the window's white now.
The snow fall's covered everything in inches,
almost a foot, & takes away the creases
matter has, the folds, makes it soft.

You write in the faint light reflected
from the land the house sits deeper in
than before. There's a dog at the door
again. & a poem, or where to begin again
breaks into my thoughts -- you at the table,

with pencil & paper.

Slower here. The drifts, & thoughts, the sounds
like sources. It drips -- the water around us.

The black pot filled with pink flowers.
I wait

as if someone will come forth
with words on my lips. I wait & hear
something outside,

love in all this
as if through some simple magic
the spell will increase the night

& lay us down to sleep
in a process, at least

the effort to find a rhythm --
that is evening:
the day ends,
the work goes on, the love changes.

Brighter here. Only a beginning.
The tempo increases.

To be
with it, right there, in that heat.
The talk about
can at times, I think, almost make it,

take it like a ball thrown fast beyond
the field & make a bird
out of it.

Who is it who comes.
Years from now you'll know.

Love like gold,
a pace that stands when iron rusts.

Only trysts & flowers
midsommer bracelets

fade. An image lasts, memory makes sure of it.

I feel you above me
at the table, you write. I walk in the door,

the pink flowers in the pot fill me.
It's years from now. The water carried

today & all those intentions away.
Where in my dreams
have I found a place for this.

The gray sky & blue snow.
 There was no place to go today, only the day itself
 to go in. A pace that comes from hands

with pencil & paper. Yet I thought:
 someone's come,

I saw him from
 the corners of my eye in
 the corners of the room.

That's it -- to know & not wait, to force
 the arrival & anticipate the snow.

To open my mouth
 & want the words to come:
 a message when the movement's
 enough.

Music sounds when my back's to the door.
 Song begins as I turn back to the room,

a deor
 moves in the arrangements: moves
 you at the table
 me at my poem -- those attempts.

Kenneth Irby:

SEAWEED, by Armand Schwerner, The Black
 Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. \$4.00

I think the two poems about Boehme ("For Boehme" and part 14 of "The Violence Around Us") are the finest in the book, and the central poems for the person, the body and all, of the man who wrote this collection. That is, the sudden juxtaposition of Boehme and the rest of the book, reveal other distances -- and him (Schwerner) self, who is not always very clearly present, as in "The Violence Around Us" till J.B. comes at the end. Boehme? Really? Wow. Very much. "It is thus, as if a hidden fire lay in the will, and the will continually uplifting itself towards the fire wished to awaken and kindle it." There is a point at which our "wit" and invention do not prevail against the vacuity. That is the crisis of this book, at which point Boehme stands, announcing entrance.

And we would urge all children, who are thus growing in
 this tree, friendly to ponder that each branch and twig
 helps to shelter the other from the storm, and we
 commend ourselves unto their love and growth.

Clayton Eshleman:

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE STANLEY, CONCERNING THE STATE OF OUR NATION, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUAL BODY, WHICH I FIRST GLIMPSED IN PERU.

dear George,

One of the reasons I am writing you now is because I hardly know you or your work. Another reason is because you are out on the west coast and I am not sure where that is, or have less sense, say, of you, and of none of the others you mention in your letter to me, poet friends of yours in the bay area, than I do of poets in the New York area; I mean, the we is divided, and thus I implicate you, feeling par to your work, in hopes that the evil I speak of in this letter is at cause of why, partially at least, the above is true. I believe we are all responsible victims of a conspiracy that we have watched, for a short time in our own eyes, and for longer, in the eyes of our elders, and since I think a lot of us have now got this spectre in our consciousnesses someone should speak out, for something has happened, recently, that can enable us to have things much more the way we want them, for ourselves as poets / men and women / heads, those in the position of responsible power in this particular nation.

The immediate kick-off to this is a phone conversation I had last week with Diane Wakoski. She has been staying with Betty Kray, who runs the readings at the Guggenheim Museum in NYC, and since Diane has been depressed lately I thought, in the conversation, that Betty Kray might help her out next year, promote her, get her readings etc. I asked Diane about this and she told me Betty had already asked her to read at the Guggenheim next year and that the two of them had had a hard time finding, or choosing, someone to read with Diane since Diane did not want to read alone, I mean in terms of the Guggenheim she did, had been made to feel, not that important and would not solo (like Lowell say, or James Wright). So in this choosing she told me she had suggested me or Jerry Rothenberg, and that Betty had told her we "were not ready". I kind of jumped at that, and asked her what did that mean? sort of knowing it did mean the following: that she and Betty decided that Diane should read with Marvin Bell who would have a book out this fall via Atheneum. Diane said: "I suggested Marvin, and Betty thot that was a marvelous idea -- Marvin is having a book published by Atheneum this fall."

At that point I flipped back to an incident of about 6 months ago. I was going to be in the Michigan area having drummed up a few readings at Northwestern, Notre Dame and Indiana University. I asked Richard Grossinger up there if he could arrange something at Ann Arbor. Grossinger is a student, and called Donald Hall who is on the faculty (I guess) and asked if there was money for Eshleman to read who was going to be in the

area. Hall then told Grossinger that I had not published a book yet, which Grossinger took to mean I had not published a book with a well-known publisher; Richard said, "but Grove Press just published this past summer Eshleman's volume of Vallejo translations" (in hardback, no less!). He was then told by Hall, that Grove did not really count, and that as far as Hall was concerned I had not published a book.

Earlier last year (I shd say here that no money was put up at Ann Arbor and that while I did read there --for \$50-- the money was paid by a student group), I had been asked, indirectly, for a manuscript at Harper & Row. I gave them one and was informed that Donald Hall was the reader. The mss., was held for about six months, and returned. After the rejection I met Hall at the poet conference at Stony Brook: we met, and a few seconds later Hall told me how much he liked my poetry.

I would like to put the emphasis here less on sour-grapes than the fact that I am sure that these things have been happening to many of us for years.

What I am talking about is a CYCLE. It runs something like this: before a poet can be given certain inalienable rights, like a reading which will be advertised and take place in circumstances favorable to audience, he has to have certain "credentials" ("We can not travel without a passport!" the Living Theater screams), the passport in this case being a hardcover book by one of a certain group of upper Manhattan publishers. The decision is made regarding the reading by someone who is basically influenced by other so-published poets; that is, the person making the decision is NOT a poet, generally a person who hobnobs with poets, Kray being probably one of the best of a lot, sensitive even, contactable, compared with Galen Williams at the Y, but I name Betty Kray here because she is, as all of what I refer to, part of a structure rotten at base **THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH POETRY.** (OR, that has **EVERYTHING** to DO with poetry, but **NOTHING** at stake in the spirit **BY WHICH** and **FOR WHICH WE LIVE**). Further, the moves you and I might conceivably make to further our careers, to bring ourselves to public light is at base controled by people who know only those who have read at the Guggenheim or Y! For the upper Manhattan editor, if one has not read or received a "name" grant, the chances of a mss., being taken are incredibly slight (there are of course exceptions made for a "house nigger", or a "pop poet" or a Puerto Rican etc., but these are outside the ken I speak of, they are a kind of froth everpresent in the literary world, the freak, wch an editor who knows nothing of poetry can grab onto and superficially justify publishing).

The results of this cycle, calculated to be unbeatable, calculated to not look at the books a poet HAS published, meaning: books are not read but presses, publishers are, is that at 50 or 70, Robert Lowell will "discover" William Carlos Williams and "introduce" him in The Hudson Review, or that by sheer persistence like Diane Wakoski has put out over this year, writing 1000 letters to universities for readings, slowly she becomes known and, having expended 10 times the energy she shd have on that, begins to get a trickle of POWER (wch is also what this is about -- but that for later).

I am assuming here that Black

Power, the oratory and fury of the past few years, teaches us an important lesson: that it is not they, the Blacks, is "what is happening" (as it seemed in that Stony Brook Manifesto), but that we are, and can learn from them. They are not unreal, they are very real, but too we are, as poets, not just as artists, but as poets, living in occupied territory and ruled, that our flowers leak out, to each other and slight spill over of students/critics/friends but the whole business has for traditions been established and we are repeating a ROUND that other minorities are ceasing to respect. We respect the pigs long as we allow ourselves to be dictated to by them, and most of us will, unless we do something before unheard of, pay silent homage to people who have nothing at stake either in art or in poetry (or in life) until we are safe enough (feathered sharks), trusted to not misbehave, until the Work itself offers loopholes thru wch we may be admired, wch is of NO USE TO US, we will wait and allow the hostility accumulated in this waiting to self-infect us either to silence or to attack those we love, other poets, to run, I am saying, rats in maze, hitting this artist, that artist, that artist, not speaking to this poet or putting him down, refusing to review R, not meeting L but currying Y, until we come to the point at wch the man goes it alone, and there is that point, I mean at a certain point one retires into the syntax one has made some meaning of, concerned but no longer involved with, vitally, the dying world, the world Pound now lives in, that Williams never meshed with but was rooted like a truffle along to, and the whole meat of what everyone of us are, as Robert Kelly very directly put it to me, **THOSE WHO MAKE THE SUN RISE**, watch the landscape of our never realized power on a social scale, and of course the 19th century image of the poet is still apt tho faded, black suit, in corner, attentive to metaphor, outsider to a deeply wished for world.

I am saying here it is time you and I not only recognized but acted on the fact that the enemy is not poets nor magazines edited by poets, but the pasteboard powers that **DETERMINE THE FATE OF POETS**, and that we should recognize ourselves as a spiritual circuit and move as a body to abolish these powers determining what we are called, named, the who's who **ALL OF US** toady to, consciously, unconsciously, and stop once and for all accepting dribble-favors, the little prizes of silence and award (same thing) we get for staying in our place.

I don't know what you want, but among other things --love, my work, my family-- **I WANT MY POWER TO BE REALIZED**. I want power, and I suspect, George, any artist who says he doesn't want power. For what we **ARE** doing is in essence **SO POWERFUL** that we may believe love tends towards its natural object, wch is not this Xristo-Capitalistic world of spells and media, certainly at least to see the realization of what the fuck we are living for daily to be, vision, made real, in the lives, of those we love, consider "our people", people at best, an America, in a kind of localized sense, from, thru, Canada to Tierra del Fuego. That, tho, is political boundary and perhaps it would be more accurate to say The Earth is the Blak-ean promised land of vision. The poet is a visionary. The poet is a man / woman who **HAS A VISION**.

Now I say **I WANT POWER**; that is not saying I lack power, that **IS** saying I have power, my understanding, my love, and want

this power realized as HUMAN ACT, and that you and I are sitting at the poles, me just coming on your work a month ago and sensing thru what Gilbert Sorrentino tells me, that west coast poets deeply suspect east coast poets, who are both suspect to the poets in between, and cut the correspondence/affinity, to the extent books are not seen here (I have not seen one copy of PACIFIC NATION east of San Francisco, nor can I get Blaser in Vancouver to answer a letter about unpublished Spicer material), and that we are like in the Andes and on the coast. I mean, a mountain culture and a coastal one, no communication in between, while at the same time I sense a friendliness between all of us, I felt very much present when I was reading in San Francisco a few months ago, and that on a smaller more local basis is present in New York City and probably present in San Francisco too.

At the root of this dispersion is the attitude, the CYCLE I spoke of before. Not that it is originally created there but we allow our own unsureness and guilt (for just being a poet) to timidly persist in the face of a continuing power-structure that is handed down from epoch to epoch. The editors at Harper & Row sent my mss., to Hall because they don't know what the fuck to do with it; that's all. And Hall, who I am making the black lamb in this case, doesn't either; he too is acting on orders, has not a single original idea in his head and will persist to keep the watermark a fraction below what he is capable of writing.

I refuse to any longer be involved with any issue that is not in present time. I refuse to deal with anything that is not central to my mankind life, to curry the favor of any life-insurance promulgated to essentially someone else's afterlife. The issue is, as its always been, the life you George Stanley are up to, the spiritual ORDERS of day, the raising of the life-sun; this is our circuit and we might well demand of ourselves that the history of poetry is at large the history of man and demand no more than the Blacks are, that history start being recorded and made to be read. The obverse is eternally mumbling Frost over the glacier of the Kennedy pulpit, Black Elk finally letting the secrets, seeing he is dying, out. I am dying and I am living, in spite of everything I still exist with all the power of my own regeneration and growth; this I want invested in the life of the nation and how then can we talk TO Nixon?

For, and this is a razorblade, I think we ought to figure a way TO talk to Nixon. Forget "him" -- we ought to assume we, with visions, go to the chief and make our visions heard and that there is a power-that-moves-Nixon that WILL hear. That is the apex and most confused part of my ideas here.

Now we must use CATERPILLAR, STONY BROOK, IO, PACIFIC NATION, any magazine edited by poets to get us in touch and begin to form ourselves to our touch, knowing that no one's poetry suffers for religion, binding-in, consolidation. These are rough notes -- a co-op? national at least, or to begin, poets who will form their own reading circuit, that is, a network of reading possibilities.

The point is not that you and I want the Guggenheim or the Y, but that we want a poet's theater and beyond that, a community, reason to be heard beyond our confessed selves. Such will never hap-

pen unless we decide its happening.

(I had a vision in Peru of one central place, a ritual center of sorts, as Palenque was a ritual center for the Mayans, that would be a theater, hostel, bookstore, printing-factory, which would be organized by poets and serve them, where they could meet, stay and hear each other, a center where any individual or university could get in contact with, say at least the address and phone-number, of any poet in the country)

In Peru in 1965, translating César Vallejo's "Human Poems" I first glimpsed the great white wall of North America and saw the intentional binding needed, the gathering (as opposed to exclusion) needed to create relation that could put us to visionary-community, wch is what I feel our function is. To break down the terrible distances. The despair, the suffering by wch we are named, the cri said to be our signature when we are most alive is related to the "bad trip" -- something not inherent in creativity, but rather (as the person on a "trip" may freak out lost in the streets of NYC) the depression that comes from struggling within the dispersion.

My sense of power, or possession, wch I learned thru the making of a poem called T' AI, is a magic, miracle (with the root mira! see!), the power to induce such, the sense that there is no repetition, no, as Victor Coleman put it, alternation necessary. Force implies alternation; creation affirms the way things ARE, not forced to be. We want to exercise not force but our power. To allow our work to perform its possession.

Robert Kelly:

MARGARET LEWIS AND MARY GREENLEA

(from THE COMMON SHORE: last section
of Book VI, The Fountains)

Anne) Fontaine (Epler) Cathcart
daughter of Colonel Bruce Epler USAF (1908-1944)
 (son of the Rev Stephen J Epler,
 of Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, still living
 minister of the Christian Church
 born 1880, Nebraska, of Jakob Epler
 & Mathilde Girardet---half-Bavarian
 half-Norman
 himself the son of Isaac
 Epler of Illinois,
 who was, those days, america,
 love the last
 & the first, the Lord,
 a friend of Lincoln---
 Rev Epler married Claudia 1906.
Col Epler married Amelia Maverick,
 of the great
Texas family of, Samuel A Maverick himself, whence name
& word, who
 married a descendant (my records no clearer)
 of Margt. Lynn of Loch Lynn, wife of John Lewis
 whence the Lewises of Virginia,
 notably General Andrew Lewis & Meriwether Lewis
whence the whole (thank Jefferson)
push beyond the Missouri, i. e.
the West.

*

The diary of Margaret Lynn Lewis
as published in San Antonio 1927
covers the years from 1730 through the Indian Wars.
Anne Fontaine Epler (Cathcart) born San Antonio, Texas.
Reared Circleville, Ohio.
Epler means Appler,
applegarth set out in the Lord's name,
apples mean apples.

*

The American people "as a whole embodies the reactions of Western man to the Uranian forces released creatively in Europe since the Renaissance."

Not creation,
response.
When the new opens its arms
we come to it with the same old questions,
tensions,
prodded there. Colonies.
The Scarlet Woman opens her arms & cries
But to love me is better than all things.
better than old things.

*

Thank Jefferson, but much of it is old,
the old names hung on. But the woman
her body against the stars, or she was
the stars, surely we came here for her
sake, Santa Maria, & whoever
gimmicked the Kensington stone had
that much sense, Ave Maria,

The woman.

*

Using the blank pages
of John Lewis' s tenantry book
Margaret Lewis, of Loch Lynn,
Margaret Lewis writes:
On the Lord' s day, Clonwan Castle is invaded
by John Lewis' s enemies; Charles, Lord of Clonwithgairn
& his henchmen have come to evict the Lewis.
Pitched battle.
Charles, Lord of Clonwithgairn is slain.
John Lewis flees.
The castle burns.
Margaret Lewis takes refuge in Dunraven.

One night, a long time after,
when the sun was busy setting
& Lady Clara played the guitar, "a white kerchief
waved against the dusky part of the wood.
News from my husband"

He was back from Portugal
safe place
but now back, not for long, now
Margaret & John Lewis, lord of the burnt castle,
flee to the " Virginia wilds. "
Back home, the Lord Finnegal sees to it
John Lewis' s name is cleared. His Majesty the
King sends a full pardon
& patents with it, grants of land
in the Virginia valley called Eden.

✱

Anne Fontaine
appler,
Fontaine

I wonder what you think of this,
that my hands should be on this stuff
with my potato irishry
sweaty body & Circassian wife,
Fontaine you are a beautiful woman
& we couldnt handle
each other' s beauty,

there are places
in america I can only imagine,
real people in circumstance
there is no way I can draw near.
Passion abolishes place
do you know that
as love cancels distance or
is at least a function of.
I have been too busy
almost to be.
We were both wrong
& you were wronger than I
but you were wrong
in an ancient way
that is more beautiful
than any way I or any like me could be r

" vision was in the woods beside the large pond
there are wild woods all around in back on three sides
for miles

we were really sitting there when I had
this image superimposed your form
on to the real across the pond coming down a
slope the dark pines you came alone"

on bark this was, & the faded ink.
 A setting sun a tomb before breakfast
 puling its dead a woods
 where nothing grew but images

a fear,
 my fear, to be in anyone's mind but with
 the song I'd put there,
 song instead,
 god forgive me,
 song instead.

Appler,
 understand me your trees.
 You told me of a cavern
 I found it
 two hundred years before.
 We will go in.
 Save me shadow
 among your flowering trees.

*

Log Cabin. Margaret Lewis is in America.
 "John Mackey, who has come all this way with us"

"little Charles, our New World baby"

"our cow Snowdrop"
 "her white feet continually dyed with wild strawberries"

"thirty of our tenantry have clung to us thro evil &
 thro good report"

"Joe Nasby hath a neat rail to his garden ground

structure on top of his house to entice the wild pigeons"

Oroonoah wont eat clabber.

"Our town of Staunton
 first town in the Valley"
 four miles from "our place of Beverly Manor
 which some call Fort Lewis"

The idea was to plant roses
 prairie roses around the dooryard
 so that the house thus beautiful
 would keep the children home.

"Ungeewahwah & his tribe we find are not friendly to us (they captured three of our men yesterday who made them drunk & then got away)

Our fort is formed of block houses, stockades; and the cabins. The outside walls are 10 to 12 feet high. The block-houses are built at the angles of the fort, & project two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins & stockades."

*

Oroonoah becomes Oroonah. His name means Tiger King.

"Oroonah's son, a lad of 16, has crowned my Alice with a wreath of prairie roses. 'Queen of White Doves' he calls her & has given her a fawn which has become domestic now. I did not like to hear Thomas say last night (he is older than Omayah) 'Suppose Sister Alice should grow up & marry Omayah.'

In 1737, John Lewis is at Williamsburg, the seat of government, where he "met with one Burden, but lately come over as agent for Ld Fairfax." Burden turns out to be even a better hunter than John Mackey. But what happens is this, & it makes Margaret Lewis, now of Fort Lewis, angry:

John Lewis's sons catch a Buffalo calf, & give it to Burden, who brings it back with him to Williamsburg, & presents it (evidently as his own catch) to "the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who never having seen so comical a monster in lower Virginia, did promptly favor the donor by entering upon his official book, full authority to Benjamin Burden for locating 500,000 acres of land nigh to the James river & Shenandoah waters, this on condition he should within 10 years, settle at least 100 families within the limits."

animal of the west.

Half a million acres for a bull-calf,
a bison yearling.

*

What do we do with our fortune
that makes it good fortune?

How do we learn
 what to do with our catch,
 whom to honor with the gift
 or how to use
 what we find in the woods?
 This is Fortune,
 The Lewises are the solidity, the old money of America.
 But there is Benjamin Burden, a trickster, a cunning
 happenstancer of our original woods & Shenandoah waters.

*

"The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over... I wished to leave at dinner & take Alice away; I do not like her to join in these vulgar sports, but she begged to stay & her father said, 'Better wait & see the end.'"

These new-world
 manners are making queer innovations among our people. At
dark I knew I was wanted here, so Alice agreed to come, though Thomas stayed dancing, & John Lewis went back after conveying us home."

The young men are awkward at the rites of love
 but know that there is horseplay, honor
 to the power inside them
 that makes them play or hunt or fuck
 as now at this wedding
 they lead the bridegroom off
 & with dark mirthful words
 bring him to the attic loft.

"...a deputation of young girls stole the bride off & conducted her to her bed up in the loft ... late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef & cabbage & such like things were sent up to them; & along with this, Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey."

We see the Fortune
 hastening to young Alice.
 The Lewises again
 will get their chance.
 What is a chance?
 What is the American Fortuna
 her pages relate,
 spill, open in torchlight,

hide, never resolve?

*

Meanwhile another distraction, another whisk of the future idly brushing Fort Lewis. Christ, never did people so live in the center of signs & portents, & know less, or seem to know less, of what passed before them, pageant of american meanings, trump procession of all our possibilities.

Now Polly Mulholland, after working off her indenture, clad herself in man's garb & set up as a landed-proprietor on Burden's grant, & erected thirty cabins. But was found out, & resumed "with some chagrin & much meekness" women's clothes, borrowed from ladies in Fort Lewis, "& will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits."

The way
Margaret Lewis
sees things,
the way
she understands.
It seems as if nothing
in the new land
has touched her.
But something grows,
does it,
something grows
in her as in us,
a coming through
the dark church of habit
into the dazzling
presence
of an unknown god.

*

Now Oroonah, Omayah's father, comes to John Lewis to ask for Alice for his son.

John Lewis

passes it off as a joke. It is a joke. Has Alice
sit down at the spinet & play:

John Lewis: --- "That is all white women are good
for; you dont want them! Bah!."

Oroonah: --- "Fingers fast
fingers jump quick,
get fish."

*

Now the time runs & the Indians
are tired showing us what things are for
& how to do & how to do.

Omayah, aided by his bravos, carries off Alice, his "White Dove."

*

So we had something to go to war about.
Her kin chased after, but the Indians
knowing the woods
got the White Dove & her tigercub Lover
well away.

Oroonah's Indians storm Fort Lewis
attack twice
but cannot breach the wall.
They have no artillery. They retire.
The field is empty
but watchers from the Fort
see an Indian figure
step out of the woods.
They fire & it falls.
But it is not an Indian
it is Mary Greenlea
"Greenlea's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is a witch.
She rideth all over the country alone & at will."

This
is the woman, this is that
american woman, the power I detected
in the fucking air of america, the blond
woman whose power knew not the limits of society, ran
wild in the woods & brought us, wild from the woods
the only information we could use. Can use.

"she rideth all
over the country alone at will & talks strangely at times.
Months she has been missing from Burden's Grant. She has
been a captive she says."

*

Fontaine,
the voices here,
not your voice,
or the voice
calls me in the night to love her.
And I am in love with Mary Greenlea!

Mary of the green
 meadow, Mary of the Mountain.
In the mines we find a stone
we who are children of Cain
his articulate passion.
 My voice asks you to listen to me.

*

Mary Greenlea says: "she can bring Alice in if I but give her a swift horse."

Her wounds were painful but not severe.

Margaret Lewis gave her the best pony.

And now Margaret Lewis come to a dark
 embryo in her story, she hardly knows how to speak of it;
 enters it with scorn; no matter, she makes the record:

Mary Greenlea babbles of a great cave or cavern
& to listen to that blonde wild woman is to hear
a "disconnected harangue of silver palace walls, & pearly
floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells me,
where she holds communion with the dead, & their voices
answer her."

*

Would she have known the dead from the not yet living?
 Was it ourselves Mary Greenlea spoke to in her palace,
 or this voice answering her now?

Fontaine you told me of a cave

I believed in
 because I walked there

early morning, not
 twenty miles from my house

she walked with me there
 she showed the way.

*

And Mary Greenlea did indeed bring Alice back. But
when Alice gets home, all she can talk of is taking
refuge with Mary Greenlea, after their escape from
the Indians (who trusted Mary Greenlea, & maybe
knew more than Margaret Lewis did of whose time had
come & whose time had passed, maybe it was for Al-
ice's sake they carried her off).

They hid out "in a great cavern," and Alice tells

of "grand marble palaces under ground, of its interminable galleries, of its statues & its fountains, & withal of stars & moon peering through the roof."

Clearly Margaret Lewis makes mock of all this, but after Alice's restoration, Mary Greenlea continues friendly with the Indians

"who are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition."

But Margaret Lewis, pained by a desire she has never spoken, fearing the truth & coming near it, still must mock:

"It must be a weird edifice truly & one worthy the keeper who feedeth herself on
dried haws, chinquapins &c."

*

At the end of her life
Margaret Lewis takes up her book again
& knows that death is near
because she opened the book
when she only meant to put on her glasses.

She tells of her children,
Charles, her blue-eyed new-world child
dead at the battle of Point Pleasant,
nearsighted Thomas orating in the Burgesses.
Omayah is dead, died "Christianized at last"
(the adjective a mockery at last, at last?)
& died wildly craving
the wings of his White Dove
to bear him to heaven.

At the very end she speaks
of her man, John Lewis, dead before her
& cries out to him
in the name of the God
born inside her in the long american years :

"Only a little longer, John Lewis,
& the Lord of the Mountain will open to us,
& we enter his doors together."

Nothing is said of it, but she had found the cavern.

John Enright:

(3 poems)

in the search of a relevant order:
not as the chain or the thread:

there is more to the movement
the river makes
than its course, than what I can see.

Or I could say
no one will see the falcon's back,
only the sun.

We are given its belly;
although we all learn from the kestrel
a trace of the gyre.

There is more to the movement the river takes:
the horses hard by the river
exhaled by the scrub pines
near where the river enters the sound.

When one side has burned
the rest will roll to the fire
out of its weight.

Or I should say
the horse is the metaphor
near where the river enters the sound;
that the greys, bays and geldings are words
here, where the river enters the sound,
& are oest without being said
or with some other poet upon them.

A riddle: what is it a house cannot contain.
& she answered, the beams
from which it is made.

And I did say yes, it is most assuredly
metaphor, the riderless horses riding the earth.

any heightened awareness
 is named an awareness of God

They hung the snakes in a sun-colored sack
 from the sky
 They put all the cats on the ocean floor
 You were placed
 in a chariot
 flying between them
 all the grey doves of the night gone before you

This is the lotus ship
 stream in the sky
 This is the tree
 the stream splits

We cannot survive without this destruction
 -- unbuttoning her blouse --
 We cannot survive
 -- She is beaten
 with cypress and alderwood switches

They have left us black milk
 gambling for stars

* * * * *

How long can
 you keep us away
 with those furious gestures
 We have not guessed
 your name
 We do not supplant night with this passion
 placing your hand in the sky
 or the sea

Lesson 3: Middle Distances

this business as journeyman,
 this strange, one by one business as journey-
 man, always in motion,
 shifting the weight from side to side:

this constant entrance and exit.

The one continual entrance;

 the exits
 are varied: are prompt, are endured
 or are stretched on beyond recognition

-- a sword taking forever to enter the sheath --

are stretched on beyond recognition, till they seem
 to take seasons.

Take seasons,

shifting your weight from side to side.

Prince Elphin freed from his chains by one incantation, one wind
 from the mantle of Merddin, one magic phrase. Magic words
 are never passed on, are
 never in print.

The necessity being to learn certain phrases by rote,
 by this motion, testing the words

one by one;

the skill must be there when you need it.
 The skill must be

there. Arriving at night in late autumn,
 not wishing to wake her.

The skill of an entrance, coming from nowhere
 at once.

So I slept in the back,
 beyond the barn in a room where
 she drew before I was born, the Studio,

pulling old blankets around me,
 glad to be home.
 & in the morning got up
 and went into the kitchen for breakfast,

 making her glad.

The hardest part of this business, the constant seclusion,
 the years spent like Elphin, the seasons
 alone in his dungeon,
 shifting the weight from day to day;

till the bard posed a riddle that none could solve:

Without vein, without blood,
 Without head, without feet,
 In field, in forest,
 Without hand, without foot.
 It is also as wide
 As the surface of the earth,
 And it was not born,
 Nor was it seen...



Cid Corman:

MAXIMUS CONTINUING

Maximus Poems IV, V, VI: Charles Olson,
Cape Goliard / Grossman; 1968. \$3.95

To resume:

"...the bow-sprit, the beak
in, the bend is, in, goes in, the form
that which you make, what holds, which is
the law of object...

call it a nest, around the head of, call it
the next second

...which you
can do!"

"...:people

don't change...only stand more
revealed

...know

it is elements men stand in the midst of...

...know polis

not as localism...

root city..."

"the first human eyes to look again
at the start of human motion (just last week
300,000,000 years ago..."

"'the people' (?!) - as though there were
anything/the equal of/
the context of/now!"

"...no hierarchies, no infinite, no such many
as mass, there are only
eyes in all heads,
to be looked out of"

"...so many, children,
who want to go back, who want to lie down
in Tiamat..."

"where my own house has been (where
I am
founded..."

"That a man's life
...
is what there is
that tradition is..."

Historie

come bang into the midst of
our game!"

(the details set down
keeping the edge of
things acute/rough)

"...any of us
the center of a circle
our fingers
and our toes describe"

(Leonardo/Dürer)

renaissance

ON FIRST LOOKING OUT THROUGH JUAN DE LA COSA'S EYES

Passage to India: cod God fish

"a Mud Bank"

"As dreams are, when the day
encompasses"

"that we are only
as we find out we are"

"that all start up
to the eye and soul
as though it had never
happened before"

"it better be, or
what's all this

for"

"Out,
is the cry of a coat of wonder"

"When a man's coffin is the sea
the whole of creation shall come to his funeral"

Gondwanaland

coming back together
humpty dumpty

a moon's eyeview to prove it
anew

"...all things through all things,
...issues from the one" (Hesiod)

from Dogtown (Maximus):

a point of view we are stuck with:

counting

towards

meaning:

a sense of what we are doing

of what is going on

where we are, or

have been

the apparition comes again

Dogtown story/Merry's

marriage to myth

America/stars

already

busting out all over

hammering that rock

Olson: a sea of granite

desire

Who rages at the sell-out of his country
to account for it
for what it might have been, what was, what
may yet be

myth/god/miraculous

fact/act/being

death: Merry' s/his

"Then only...
did the earth
let her robe
uncover and her part
take him in"

Information/siren song

to make it all cohere
coherent as it is

family

(sport: no evolution

neither turning back nor
advancing

uroboros/ouranos

dividing light and darkness god

He says

BLACK "all the heavens,
a few miles up"

KNOWS better

earth only
 stardistant
 in it

MAN/medusa/flower

light= carbon

de-composition

Duncan romping wordwise
 opening up that "field"

the first nine
 to take it

the first scene

Going back always
 to now

"to the geography of it"

one of infinite centers

Fort Square

any man

Ol' son

"skin

plus this...

Polis

is this"

Policing a beach/out of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
 to be so gulled

(walking a winter day with me over rocks
 and back to house

quoting that

against his and my eyes

Or what words come to

between book ends

Evangel/even angel
wont do

Or it did

as we see/must

No race

and no trophies

earth
born to
to be borne to
to bear

and all that sky
cannot excuse heaven
as back parlor
the fast shuffle
immortal coil

(the cat's deep growl
more than points
to speech

my front garden
comes up to my sill
weeds

like any flowers
for and against
the light

to draw from
nearer to

"The facts in the case are as described":

a likely story

like any myth

a likely story told often enough

inheres

"down below"

uroboros/your motherfather

"was the spirit of the mountain"

not any -ism/as soon as it becomes
that organ

listen to the vast inane

MAN

the
economy

no way to get around
as the sky does
earth

household (Gary picks from between teeth)

Of course it all works
if it is worked at

the strings
move/connecting

ideas

whose puppets
we play

divine man

figure him
out

'until the beast rises from the sea"

Proteus/Aphrodite

uroboros

THE ORIGINS & HISTORY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

coscienza/the new sigh-ends

"or Phryne (who's afraid of
walk into
the water"

Godtown USA: Ol' son stand Fortsquare

"a mother is a hard thing to get away from"

if that is what dying is supposed to be

born of

OF

but hard to get through to

to see/not stopping to

to breathe
all the way out

the loss of/absence of
'bur love is for ourselves alone

I walk you paths of lives I'd share with
you simply to make evident the world
is an eternal event and this epoch solely
the decline of fishes..."

no more "eternal"
than "infinite" (who has eyes, he said
beyond our circumscription
and our inscriptions
read:

MAN
(no trespassing)
TO COME
A

all dredged up/filleted
and laid on the table

facts/cooked

steeped in fire

Mnemosyne

(counting from nine
down - or is it from
zero:

the numbers racket

greed/facts

"I'd like you to tell me what difference
you feel between man and statue, marble and
flesh."

"Not much. We make marble with our flesh,
and flesh with our marble."

"But one is not the other."

"As living force is not dead force."

Time. The degree of.

The place of
energy in

Where you break
into

continuing

In ancient days
existed
nothing...

Ginnungagap

genug

satisfied?

No more than words are
with themselves

"the head of something"

"the arms
of Half Moon Beach
the legs
of the Cut"

Mammy!

Do we need to date it? As fresh as
the first man
dead

coscienza/co-scienza

His map

rounder and more
wrinkled

whiter and
more parched

mapunmaker of God' stown

fixed

on these pages

turning

away

It is not easy/nor simple
not to see

feeling

and the facts
curtains up
reveal
a certain
play

of the mind there is no end

MAN

a way

out?

terms are
contra-
dictions

"mocking bird"

"...she
felt she was her mother meaning my
body was hers..."

uroboros

THE BEGINNINGS (Lord!
capital gains
a (THE) tradition

"...hailed
hair via hair rope
the statue into
place"

"Come into this world":

past part/imperative

a reading

a yawning gulf

a well called Hvergelmir

"its accent is its own mirage"

"the Perfect Child"

MAN

we know what to look for

lightyears

beyond a planting of the windless flag
MayJulypole
Tranquility

"the original unit
survives in...
salt"

empty pages
uroboros

coming out of it
going into

"value received
I herein testify"

(you too can see/listen)

the dream
(Whitehead)
universe

as what is found out
within

the
economy

uroboros

poeticks?

the making out the
discerning

seeing is
beyond us
transparent

self-effacing

distributing

as breath does

the air of
the air of

"the Lady of Good Voyage"

"in the shape of a heart
...likewise new"

"menhirs"

Stone hinge

"my memory is
the history of time"

I mean
we know what went on

us

you and me

"...a mappemunde"
(out of periplum)

"...to include my being"
(wo den)

Peloria (dogdamned)

"public figure better be
what had he better be?"

public

A giant: the first living creature

distinct and moral -- as he says

"...open an opening
big enough for himself"

(maximus)

"...from Ma

who is always there"

connecting the postman's truck
"at the corner of Rocky Neck Avenue

"north north west to Judas waters
home to the shore"

"tesserae"
explicit

concerned with that literateness

connects "before"
with "after"
where we are

the other
another
now

an underworld (gang)
ferried via so much bull
(imagine

this

"town

placed as an island
close to the shore"

A reader of Chronicles
making time ring
wringing time's make

the clock
makes
believe

(to quote a one)

Sumatra/Java/South Pacific

X

yinyang
livingdying

why should we say/think
the dream ends
here

it is the well the water the egg
Okeanos

air:protein

the light house

"...reed-houses
on flooded marshes?"

(Speculations)

images for imagists

There is no gist
no matter the
trice me gist us

LZ sees through
and brings back
into (a trice) quick

"I want that sense here, of this fellow
going home"

fear that runs to history
the documents
the signs of

life

It is begged conundrumed
made into
sense

(no money in it
to be sure

an accounting

public figure

called for

you

What do the gods mean

Who can we ask
but our selves

"killed themselves
against the lights between"

too late
soon enough

"beta' d" ?

baited

Olson

blanks (Ez the heathen Chinees)
for the unknown
time

uroboros
"entwined
throughout
the system"

gradually
the dream peers out

"the diadem of the Dog
which is morning
rattles again"

tincans
the sound of
marriage

of a city
a shore

foot and back

"the light hangs
from the wheel of heaven"

MAN

"the illusory
is real enough"

And the "real"
illusory enough?

"the suffering
is not suffered

the foreknowledge
is absolute"

CO-SCIENZA

livingdying
 "imagine the odor
 which is true
 at low-tide...
 if you live..."

Asgard (shima) Midgard
 to protect the world
 from the world:

conclave/poetry

heaven (word)

transparent brilliancy

Mannus

McManus

MAN

US

OF

"Cunt Circle"

"the sea added"

a way to come in by
 and be lost in the coming in by

a package: renaissance

chickenegg dumbcluck

OK

Have it your way
 Be here

Charles Olson (that's a quote)
 I believe
 you

Can you
 believe
 that (this

Hansel & Gretel again
 "and into the oven with her"

a history (ie?)

"published...
 to make sure that what was known was
 passed on to posterity..."

Vedic

the sounding of the sounds
 enough

love never remembers
 never forgets

"of land I am shod in,
 my father's shoes"

the very next thing
 after the rime dripped down
 there solidified from it
 the cow Authumla (Nurse)
 from those teats spurted
 four rivers of milk:

she fed Ymir.

Saint Sophia
 herself our
 Prayer

Our

Lady of
 Good (bon) Voyage

a little of this a
 little of that it
 circulates

uroboros

AGAIN:

"he who walks with his house on
 ...walks
 with his house on his head"

"...fucked

by the Mountain

...how it was she was
so happy"

The Carmelite Lady Santayana recalled
who asked Are you happy? replied No--
but I am content.

"...the Virgin
held up
on the Bull's horns"

the lifting of siege of Orleans

The Duke of Alençon himself:

"...all in the straw together, and sometimes I
saw Joan prepare for the night (tu-whit tu-whoo)
and sometimes I looked at her breasts which
were beautiful, and yet I never had carnal
desire for her..."

The Puzzel. Not so; the
Duke. Raised/liberated--only to be burnt at
the stake, thereby hangs.

"to enter into their bodies"

What else is
fable is
life?

The name
we put to
it:

"Homo Anthropos"

"The Cow
of Dogtown"

the NEED to put it
in a sort of tough
vernacular:

maximus

in the face of

MAN

Dogtown Yucatan
Ptah!

The airs (Nut)
of earth

he allows
Her

Paterkiller familiar ass
coming attractions:

ORPHEUS

Creeley' s PIECES?

And this is where we' ve come to?

" at the boundary of the mighty world" ?

no
contract

promise

quid pro quo (OK)

touring the world
tilling a small field
to its limits

And
beyond?

" It is Hell' s mouth
where Dogtown ends

...
and it -- this paved hole in the earth
is the end (boundary
Disappear. "

Another act
" a century or so before 2000
BC"

" the Stream, Tartarós
is beyond
the gods beyond hunger outside"

Okeanos
uroboros

X

no longer
straws
in the wind

bound

at center

a stool
a drum
a tent
Heaven & Earth

bound
Prometheus

center

burn

MAN

house

(OM)

The way up
The way down

strugglerepose

livingdying

inyo

meyou

Olson
Corman

a bond

"away from all the gods" (gauds)

"The life-giving earth"
The life giving earth

under
and over

"read your shadow slanted upward by your side, the tales
the tales to tell in the continuous speech..."

"the house I live in...
the door"

all that a woman can say
she does

"her Hill and place"

"the shape of light

the lay,
of flowers"

reticule
ridiculous

the wrinkles
at the eyes

the face
articulate
egg

"the Head of the Maiden"

must one go back to

word

or

dragonseed

"dragon knows dragon"

word knows word

no promise

a present (a present indeed
intrudes

precludes

and so the future
haunts

"it is the question of value
which opens again"

Is "value" a question?

or one of the facts (acts
like love (he sd

to be dealt with

"...wrong" ?

stupid

inescapably
so

MAN

"The total price" ?

Verdict

Judgement

on top of death
death

fucked by a Mountain

Virgin

My father
who had called this very maximus
"Professor"
and he balked

until the old man said
in answer

"Because you look like one"

Seeing is

what Olson isnt

but facts/by all means facts

as against

"Between heaven and earth"

one

snow

mountain

unique

insistence

life's

necessitating

life

redundance

"I set out now

(entering white)

(the night of it)

in a box upon the sea"

But that he tries

to all that

small height

Maximus

claims

cares

and wants

care

Utano
6 Sept 69

Jerome Rothenberg:

PORTRAIT OF A JEW OLD COUNTRY STYLE

visitor to warsaw

old man with open fly

flesh girls could suck

mothers would die to catch sight of

sometimes would pass your door

his song was

a generation is a day, time floweth

coldly he blew his nose

reached a hand around his high round waist

money was pinned to caftan

aches & pains

a jew's a jew he says

love brings him to the words he needs

but sadly

no

I cannot stay

for breakfast loving

the taste of duck eggs loving

little rolls & butter

loving cereals in metal pans

he tells them

all we touch is love

& feeds us

this is a portrait of a jew old country style

the gentile will fail to understand

the jew come on better days will run from it

how real

the grandfathers become

my grandfather the baker son of bakers

YOSEL DOVID ben SHMIEL

who was a hasid at the court in Rizhyn

came to U. S. A. circa 1913

but found the country godless

tho he worked in leather

shoes were the craft all our friends

got into first

e. g., his brother-in-law we called

THE UNCLE

I remember in a basement shop

somewhere "downtown"
 bent over shoes he stitched
 how many years would pass
 till nineteen-fifty maybe
 when I saw him last
 his lungs gone in east bronx tenement
 he slept behind a curtain
 seeing me he thought
 I was my brother old & crazy
 he was the oldest jew I knew
 my grandfather had died
 in nineteen-twenty
 on the night my parents
 ran to warsaw
 to get married my father
 left for U. S. A. the next day
 no one told him of his father's death
 he would never be a talmudist
 would go from shoes
 to insurance
 from insurance back to shoes
 later an entrepreneur & bust
 he was always clean
 shaven my grandmother
 the religious one I mean
 saw the first beard
 I'd ever grown got angry
 "jews dont wear beards"
 (she said) no
 not in golden U. S. A.
 the old man had fled from
 to his Polish death

for which reason I deny autobiography
 or that the life or a man
 matters more or less

"We are all one man"
 Cezanne said

I count the failures of these jews
 as proof of their election
 they are divine because they all die

screaming
 like the first
 universal jew
 the gentiles
 will tell you had some special deal

Robert Hogg:

ARIES IN PISCES DREAM

It is 3 a.m. again
it is always 3 a.m.
somewhere in the shadow of
the sun

and once a day it hits you
if you happen to be awake
at the right place

women are not much different
they are always there
whether you are or not

Love is a matter of
position or
coordinates

here

and there

(Y & X he called it
knowing the distances
were to come

that love is spatial
as time is

has just as much to do with the moon
and sun and all planets and stars the earth
included

Nothing is to be left out of the real
especially the distance

If you lie beside me

in a dream

and nobody knows whose dream it is
and both cry out for priority

If you lie
beside me

(I am so often
beside myself

as in the dream we are all
third persons to ourselves
pictures on a screen
the mind's eye
moving across
away

Back & across, back
& across
moths on the window pane at night
dancing for the light within

I think of the moon, its phases
its pull against the earth

You do not ask the moon
the time of day

We no longer know
what dances bring the rain
or how to speak
to the world outside of men
directly, as to a love

Do not imagine the birds
speak only to each other
when they sing the world

even these moths
die for the love of light

Against all this you sleep
 your head pressed against my elbow
 at the bend of my arm
 a woman who would take hold
 as water has such a tension
 it bends round the earth
 and contains it against the moon

A man is
 just such intentions
 as are these

is just as many birds
 as the feathers it takes
 to decorate himself

He flies as they do
 and he knows what the birds have told him
 that wearing those feathers
 there is no danger in the act
 of imagination

North is
 the direction
 the bird flies
 in summer

South is the direction
 he flies in winter

one eye in the sun

Such is
 coordination
 the spaces
 of a bird

And when a man moves
the dance
as also the bird
is imperative

Will you step
this way please

Listen, the words
will usher you

Perhaps you've been here
before

but not in this time
not this dance
gripped you by the ankles
swung the world out from under
and left you dangling
in the air

To dance
upside down
is not easy

the measure
is slow
and unsure

in time you will
renew
your position

in time you will re-
turn

the world
is new

the world
is your position

the world
is slow and unsure

to dance is
 the measure
 is slow
 the world

We are back in the dream
 that is everywhere and at once
 the sun has become
 continuous around the earth

at 3 a.m. the dead
 are so much in the air
 it is difficult to breathe

there is laughter everywhere

I open my eyes and a darkness
 fills the room

all forms fall away
 and the walls are a visible

blue I reach into
 your hair

is a tangible substance
 within my hand

Samuel Charters:

ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS, by Larry Eigner,
Fulcrum Press, London, 1968. \$6.50

Until Larry Eigner's ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS I had almost missed him as a poet -- responded only to words and phrases -- to openness of lines and images -- to the small poems already clear and intact that he is the master of,

(9) trail nest upper tree

remember
and leave it now lie
beyond

but with this book -- sturdy bound, 141 poems from over seven years -- it comes together, from the fragments to the unified, complete expression that is the mature poet. I think it's a very good book, one of the most satisfactory collections of poems of the last few years (only MAXIMUS IV, V, VI gets handled as often) -- one of Fulcrum's most definite and successful productions.

Poem by poem, as always with Eigner, the hard clarity of image has been there -- his unerring eye and ear.

(from 31) under the
 plaster

 and the notched brick

 the rain is nothing
 but the walls

(from 14) the bird
 of wire like a nest

 is all through the air

still, minutely
simple

(from 93) air

pressing through leaf
 you cannot mount
 the green
 sound of

but as the poems open out the special quality of Eigner's seeing becomes less guarded, less difficult. There is the sense of the immediate object -- birds, trees, leaves, storms, cars, telephone wires, streets -- the things he sees from the glass windowed porch where he is forced to spend most of his life -- and there is the sensing of his response to the object -- the place at which he considers it and himself together. He has built a complex vision of these objects, finding that the presence of what he sees and hears is beyond his control, but also that it isn't in any intent harmful. I think Eigner has looked at the physical world with more directness, more openness, more intentness, than the rest of us -- and I find myself looking in each of his poems for the thing that he has found in the experiencing of the poem. His knowledge seems to me to be of almost immeasurable distinctness and value.

ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS has a widening, extended range, though the poems are each characteristic only of Eigner in their linear openness, physical ambiguity, and immediacy of response. The second poem, in which he refers himself to the "fragments" that he builds the poem from -- moving from the physical scene to his considering of it --

(2)

Again dawn

the sky dropped
 its invisible whiteness

we saw pass out
 nowhere

empty the blue

stars

our summer
 on the ground

like last night another
 time

in fragments

the directness of the short poems --

(44)

opinion drifts

I forget the wind

need to then come back

one of an unknown world

the complex involvements of the loose, longer poems. Duncan has singled out 34. It is one of Eigner's great poems -- uniquely moving in its deeper perception.

(34) the knowledge of death, and now
knowledge of the stars

there is one end
and the endless

Room at the center

passage / in no time

a rail thickets hills grass

- - - - -



Larry Eigner:

(6 poems

strength feels

babies how

unconscious we are startling

big men on the way

they run they

can't walk far decline

the mountain grass just look at

stars knock-outs

how slow is the distance
the graves

the strong green

complicated productions

the loudspeaker from the field

covers the street

the phone seemed too simple

the old man's idea

he wants to go there

cutting the grass with gas

leaves rising and falling
in what winds

you know where you're going?

(for the Webbs)

Life the placid
time-bomb

how long the
other end of the fuse

earth
coiled up in

how backward running

brake to re-enter

you eat yourself out
all ways by the tail

it's all moving the road
taking you away

the desert side

gardens

the flood

earth temperature rises
towards
the boiling point of water

with power plants

cool lighting and fires

or fluorescents could dim

Canadian to Australian a
comparative distance
the earth bends

travel's a descent or
pulls or a tendency
among the stars

it gets heavy
it grows light

feathers are good for clouds

and rain streaks

the artificial cavern under Denver

the poisoned lake
the shivering land

*

a puddle

wind in the day and night

all it takes
a single branch
to shower down
and a few twigs

reflections
dissolve

one center
to rough edges

walls

and to see the sky
as unreal

the gnarl
in the freshened water

*

half way up to the ceiling
 the flowers
 against the wall that green

the bureau sure,

artificial

the souvenir or
 it was
 a toy horse / cart far
 different scale more than the small clock
 still going you
 just plug it in accelerators guns
 keep the night this is
 one place
 to pass watch
 the step takeoff hear
 who walks by power

drive through the window shifts
 the form of light
 the railroad never in the sea
 the rolling is from there definitely
 story

earth always direction

the glass cooled and
 fit case framed
 how bare

or cockeye settled
 times

of bird sounds the heat measured
 tides
 above the jet
 burn

a little lines

there cancelled

the white plane comes low

business

long silhouette

*

so many cars
keep the road straight

tossing branches for
the eaves some
leaves adrift

what wind there is

the cars' incessant
noise

like the ocean

distances

bodily

dimensions

smell it

holds together

certain degrees of

the next town the next

junction

it bodes

tomorrow's wonder
more or less pain

the all-night traffic
wakes you up
too much or
often enough

and you keep going
with things the

more it's a
discovery
of change

like what was behind that

brick wall
or fence
not
just an old back yard

like dirt
and bottles but

there were birds

detached passing

and you heard the sea

was there nothing to that?

the lights
almost continuous make

the window a
peculiar corridor

neither long nor short

in no direction

*

The woman's muscle inside him

beat beat the

perfect set-up

some days

he feels no more than he used to

walking around

earth's center

earth

center

of traffic sure is

birdshit wings

high on the buildings

ah! pain

that organ showed

a time before death

and it continues

to meet a man

* * *

Ronald Silliman: FROM AN ABANDONED TEXT

(1)

Where the sea sets the lord ship . as if
 it was the song was all
 was there
 ever the writing without the wall

falls down
 do the wheels wait, turning
 over

no sense of the motion, nothing
 in the air but the damp of the air, the heat

hurting the foot
 of the injured dog, the dog
 does not dance
 as I am told he should, he must

not, must now never

remember the snake, the silver
 city in the winter is not this place, I sit, the dog also
 rests, release
 is not coming, the book
 of no interest
 is your voice at the table, terrible, tired, tedium
 before the classic
 parable of the paragraph
 on the phonograph the voice is
 without choice, his
 world repeats, relies upon death the echo, the winter
 I bought another dog

(2)

Who but the bay broods, who
 is to blame for that
 is the water's way
 to rest
 is the threat

who works with no toil, who
sleeps in steam

without favor, without cargo

come upon the man upon
the road upon
his back a dog

did not see the dog, a bag, I saw
on my honor

to refuse
PATHEI MATHOS is that your name
the same he said
I said he said
nothing of import into

the tongue among us
used
to be

Janine Pommy Vega:

POEM TO THE VIKING
WARRIOR ANGEL

for Pete:

There is a house ABLAZE inside
& the fire shines through a window, ferociously alive
: I am turned toward the window and stand looking.

I see a lion roar thru his blazing mane & the fire is its own master.

Who knows what would happen if the door should suddenly open
& I go inside?

I know I cannot leave, and stand here waiting
watching through the window, trembling/ & am not afraid.

new york march 69.

Corinne Robins:

SHEEPER, by Irving Rosenthal, Grove Press, New York
Black Cat Edition 1968. \$1.25

HUNCKE' S JOURNAL by Herbert Huncke, The Poet' s
Press, New York, 1965.

Filled with delicate insect drawings, written in short takes, **SHEEPER** is a novel, a work of artifice whose style and substance is all Rosenthal' s own. In it no one exists except by, for and through "Sheeper" Irving Rosenthal save perhaps for his mother -- aside from prose, the ruling passion of Sheeper' s life. By life, I mean the life of Sheeper in this book -- Rosenthal' s factual existence is hinted at in three sentences on the frontis page. Facts are not his province, nor in 1969 are they art' s save as an off-stage springboard. (Witness the current marketing of the non-fiction novel, a contradiction in terms that clearly indicates where book-as-commodity leaves off and literary work begins.) As for Sheeper' s mother, his monster-double, she speaks and writes in another voice which I suspect is also Sheeper' s own. He has made it his through the constant love-hate that prevades the book to create one more echoing screen for the speaking voice. The emotional weight of her upon the narrator, the loving screams she provokes prevails. Feelings, states of consciousness, encounters with himself by means of loves and friends, his eczema, his highs are subject matter. Sheeper describes the experience of chloral hydrate, of pot and mescaline as opposed to an LSD trip and takes you with him each time. Rosenthal dilating on art, sex, insects, magical objects: no one is more self-consciously the poseur seeing even in the Northern lights the long green fingers of masturbation. He is sometimes a captive of his own sentence artistry -- too many images decorating his obsessions. But for the most part, he blocks them into paragraphs and, of course, it is the paragraphs which stand. He begins with a simile which is almost too easy, too strong and takes off. As here:

"When you smoke pot your time is pulled out like taffy. Roy, his Wife and I are stretched out on a bed, and the last band of the last record has played. Who will turn the stack over? Roy is looking at his Wife, she is looking at the wall, and I am trying hard to look like a guest--let them fight it out as usual so I don' t have to interrupt the escalator trains of thought and lizard peace and make my way across the room. But they are holding out, they are not moving, they would prefer silence to the onerous job. Already Roy knows what I' m thinking and is about to say "Why don' t you turn the records over Sheeper?" and Roy' s Wife will add "Yeah, you' re the host," the two against Sheeper as a walled city sinking, and so I undercut them and struggle up from the sea, and waddle across the floor shaking out water, palm over palm on the wall, my long thumb-nails tapping, and stand before the Victrola, the record still spin-

ing, and slowly push my hands into the awful machine--when the next band, the real last band, begins."

Gertrude Stein says somewhere in How to Write "Paragraphs are emotional, sentences are not." Which is why prose is an art of slow effects. No writer, however special, has been able to escape this limitation. Particularly Rosenthal (see his embarrassing attempts at open verse) who is above all special -- by choice and vocation the sobbing queer.

I don't particularly like queer novels & Rosenthal's virulent hatred of women (which turns out to be one more pose) puts me off. So do all his cocks, stiff pricks, dirty underwear and handkerchiefs full of come. Yet I've read the book twice, maybe because Sheepier parades all his lies, all his tricks -- undercutting them with the little child's cry, 'Look I fooled you' -- in order to get at the multifarious truths of himself.

He can't tell a story. Instead, he falls back on excerpts from Herbert Huncke's notebook to recount his great struggle of white magic as opposed to black summed up in the person of a man named Bill India. Huncke (an actual person) Rosenthal sees as the natural storyteller, a junkie-Homer of the lower East side. Here is Sheepier summing up Huncke's art:

"In telling a story he becomes a spirit risen high above his mortal body--risen high and drifting even higher in the empty space. He talks through his flesh below like a ventriloquist. It may be Huncke's voice box which says "I", but it is that high astral body who holds our ear, and who owns every fault and sin of the man below relevant to the complete truthful telling of the tale, without the slightest shame or dodge. Ah and those small incidental confessions the spirit calls no attention to in passing are like incandescent shrines of light falling on the wretch's head below. Huncke beams, shriven, while the narrating spirit pushes on, unaware of the magic it has wrought."

Poets Press a few years ago published HUNCKE'S JOURNAL, a book which on first sight could be SHEEPER's complement. In it, the same Bill India and Elise exist as human beings rather than as merely forces in a struggle for Sheepier's and everybody else's soul. But despite similarities of scene and people, no two works could be further apart. Huncke emerges as a fragile lyrical writer, absorbed in junk and in love with death, who writes best about the strangers and friends who allow him to be a bystander of their lives. His prose is simple and tender, given to carefully detailing the minutiae of people's rooms and appearances. His stories revolve around the tragedy of broken innocence, and the fragile passages of truth between people in their suspended city lives. A barely conscious artist with a small true voice, Huncke since his death has become a legendary personage on the lower East side. This is fact -- more or less. In SHEEPER, however, Huncke exists as a demi-god storyteller, Sheepier's sometime ally whose gentle conning operations provoke Rosenthal's raging admiration. It's difficult for him to understand Huncke's sojourns in jail, his simplicity in the face of others and his relatively calm modes of self-destruction. For Rosenthal is always busily wresting a life for himself, a life that must and will become art. He is more than a little of a monster who has hatched a modern classic and can well afford to smirk from the jacket cover of SHEEPER: his eczemas of skin and soul are vitally alive. It's not unlike the man-woman situation where the man looks deep into the girl's eyes and tells her he's no good to get

himself off the hook later when it turns out to be the truth. Well, it's the same thing with SHEEPER. Rosenthal says he writes in a "stone prose" that will last. And even while you deny it, his obsessions sticking in your throat, his poses and his whining -- his power is undeniable.

Joe Early:

(two poems)

MARTIAL AIRE FOR JOHN STEELE

a one legged man
in a wheelchair croaking
between heaves hung
in a parachute
from the church steeple
as a boy during
war, during war
during war.

OLD LOG

emotion
sharp whipcrack
a location of forms
tell this or that
old hat as love
form as her
queen of hearts
whichever hand
wins
wins.

Larry Goodell:

LAST SIGHT & SACRIFICE

This light is my becoming

dog on the rocks at my feet
black I thot shone
dark umbers leaves and seeds golden
where he has rolled to scratch his back

this morning there are dragonflies
hundreds lost formation
gliders without rudders
hover
and plunge
over the chamisa

silver greens that mute
their yellows in late summer
give way now to grasses gone to seed

to the junipers
silver-grays of dead
dulled greens of live
wood wood

to the loss of 3 dimensions
where hills of pink
line beyond Placitas
to the River

these hills in my blood
are mottled with green
the mesquite green that covered
the lots my father bot
in Roswell

bulldozed
built our house
greens to die
in our blood

(light is my warning)

2 yards in the air
the small flies zip curve
disjointed in their hovering

my mind works in such a way
not the hills and high loops
of dragonflies
but the knots tied without cords
communicated spasms
therefore untied
of these small flies

the hill of shadow follows as I write
where fingers hold the pen
no size only proportion
room for a few lines
rise and fall

the River winds thru the dragonflies
its bosque of sap green the cottonwoods
60 gallons of water a day into the air
from each

my grandfather stuck a couple
sprouts in the ground
gigantic now
both of them
40 years later

I catch where I am going
tantalize lights thru the leaves
move in the wind on these pages
shadows flies

I am cut up this morning by the light

/ 4 Jun 66

Michael McClure:

The first nine of FLEAS or FLEECE or
MICHAELELEFODES from a book of 250
stanzas of childhood remembrances
rhymed and typed and spontaneously
spattered and clattered onto paper...

1.

WHAT CAN I DO
WHEN I AM BLUE
but write to you
OH MUSE,
you' re my Duse
and I' ve got
no clues
as to where
you comb your hair

By the curtains, I' m certain!
I can see you flirtin
in the mirror with your twin

OH
NO

RAINbow April
Dogs making mountain smiles
Fountains of ambient Titan' s breath
Black Wooden Chairs
(lined with red fox fur)
&
white doves' wings
flapping around like Conner' s visions

I know this old life is not a prison!

2.

ON THE STREET DOGS DO IT

I PREFER HAWGS

to dogs

and like rats and falcons

best of all.

There's no call

to go flapping and crapping

around the Universe

and make it worse

EXCEPT

to fertilize the flowers

till they become purple towers

with gold pollen

and pistils of gold

UHHHH! UGHHHHUHHH!! Grunts

the little furry creature

brown and downy and yellow

legs pressed forward

against

the turd unfolding

((My lawyer calls to drop his jewels

upon poets and fools

UGH

oh) (oh

Telephone loves me...

3.

SCATOLOGY, WHY MUST YOU BE MY OLOGY
MYTHOBIOLOGY

Dreams of heaven-sent tumors
to end the rumors
that I am mad

Then they' ll all be glad
all the lawyers & dentists
&

I' ll be dreaming in my
BLACK BLACK BLACKNESS
pulling the slackness
out of the threads
that hold all of the dreads
of this hole shot
together...

(Less than a feather
or hand tooled leather
I drift back and forth

Grandfather' s watches ticking
Perspiration spots on chrome
Children moving through
holes in burlap
Clicks of cars on asphalt
Green speckled sandcrabs
under shale

Ocean waves pounding, and snow
and hail

4.

I CRIED FOR THE ODEM THE UNDERSOUL

I CRY FOR THE ODEM THE UNDERSOUL

like a whinnying foal

within myself, a rag

and a bone and a hank

of hair...

All of the grumblings stare

from double breasted suits

I'm looking for the shoots

of the Goethe blossom

under the owls wings

on the mt. top.

There's no slop there

but waves of earth and dearth

Little spiders with women's faces

&

patterns like carpets

on their backs

Earwigs playing cello for the snail

The gartersnake calling on the whale

EXPANDED OUT

to shape the universe a vibratory image!

5.

THE TEA

IS A SEA
 of wave forms boiling
 and exploding.
 Spider Legs" they call it
 watch them unrolling

I'm old enough to be
 Myself
 YOURSELF
 watching me

I've a wall against all things
 THREATENED
 like a yellow submarine
 or a meat machine
 pressing against a wall

There's no call
 to write all
 THIS
 THEEEEESE
 THOOSE
 NOUS
 HEAR THE WHEELS SPINNING
 and grinning... Slush Shlush!
 I don't want to crush myself
 against no bulkhead

6.

BUT I BELIEVE IN ALL THINGS

THAT BE

themselves -- I whom

NO THING

FRIGHTENED

LIGHTENED

Towers of Ankof Vat

(((A very handsome mat

inee Idyl with

kohl

Eyes style of Deatha Rab)))

"Ceylon, he said, brightening

his unbelmished dissembling

mammar... "Climed

all the steppes..."

He was slightly Russian and wore

a Turban in an Urban

style...

or some such

Lapis Lazuli Daughter

Musk scented scarves soaked in water

Maple leaves in crystal goblets

Dusty cobblestones of Persia

Aching bones of threaded tones

Stones from handy bladders

7.

A HUNDRED ELFS CLIMBING LADDERS
SHEEP SLEEPING IN EMPTY FIELDS

Snow turning to blue pools
Snails dazed on mason's walls

A million halls
where angels fear to fool
and giant octopi are playin
violins

Als, Alas, I know if well Drambuie!
Tis the pits where eyes were
Whores that spouted jools from spools
of stools
like helix molecules
of utter flight!

Dalmations climbing fences
in red light of morn,

KEARNEY,
NEBRASKA,

U.

S.

of

A.

1937

8.

WE DUG THE HOLE
 I PISSED THE POND
 it disappeared
 tho hearts were fond.
 What was the neighbor boy's name..?
 He's a Lark in the Halls of Fame.
 FREE ASSn. PHRENZY...
 OH NO
 Day Glo
 We're in the Noh
 I dream to go
 where memories flow
 when the brain's unforzen
 UNFROZEN
 like a long-lost cousin
 Seattle standing on the Beach
 by sea of green
 a young machine
 in search of meaning beauty.
 What do you see
 young fellah?
 The soul is yellow
 that answers not.
 The cells a machine for storing
 thought! Hello,
 old ancient alchemy.

9.

OR SEALS BESIDE THE SILVER SPANNING

BRIDGE WITH SILVER

assholes drenched in mud.

A million mouths chewing cud.

Leap in beside your mother.

You ain't got no brother

but a father

and he'd rather you

wuz dud!

But he don't draw no blood

--he leaps upon yer back!

INTO THE SACK

with momma-OH

IBBIDY, BIBBIDY

SIBIDY

SAP

&

NIBS

The Chinaman drank the ocean up.

(One brother)

The other one ate the world

No?

Ferdinand sniffing flowers.

Wee Willy Bag Pipe

Playing to the cattle

What did the mice prattle

to the elves?

Jack Hirschman:

DILDO

In quiet despair of a cycle in cool exhaustion in the night of Angels
 everywhere in Paris in London in New York inside the In of the Inner
 at the point of black humor and the travesties of betrayal and sell of
 wartold lies returning to mouths eating the crows of Van Goghs purity
 anonymous ecstasies of wooden hair and Zimpandu barked through the only
 bony Christ concretely hung round ones own neck in the lap of Maria
 strung up on the negatives of the astrologies spurning scorpion wads of
 counterfeit paradox I conjure you Dildo out of the dark of this bark
 in the spit of the eyeballs coming to meet one on the humiliated street
 of this night limned with leathery halo fantasies searching one wrist of
 a red rod one son of a nun one curse to be blessed one finger of ten-
 dresse longing to be a boys whittle usage of flute in the tough fender-
 loved last gasps of a politic desolate as a couple of broadsides slapped
 against the hips of a revolution turned into a granite mass with all the
 quick juice gone from the two of us and all the kingdom come shot out of
 the motels eyes knocking about in the pockets with lost marbles Old Cob
 I make you no new woman but myself appended awake with the poem strapped
 round your deep body artificial Jerusalem with its cruelty of theaters
 meshed with wild fences and the stocking of Zero each line of this new
 man and woman shall with tall and straight branching of our small forest

loyalties fall from the sky fill the woman come upon me with the tree
story unscrolled from the biblical root

Sue Wilkins:

the water backs away & he doesn't know
will the moon not suck
up the sea not merely urge
her to arrange her strange body
arms at her sides palm upwards
whose salt palms he kisses
as though they were entrances

Will it go
away & will he have to walk forever on rocks
feet cut bleeding on black snails who
cling to the rocks, to England, to find the
sea again

Supreme tenderness. The snail
blind glue feeling rock as the palm of hand
passes along her body

So far out to wade
to where you can swim. Hurt feet & slime
vinyl seaweed wrapt ankles

Kenneth Irby: SUMMER FOG

* * *

The sunlight is steady and seeming eternal
through the windows of my room

afternoon

after the fogs of morning
opened

moon waxes to May' s
full moon

thistles
to opening

the year
to solstice, and that turn
we all turn upon

but I feel it reversed in me
that rise and fall --
gathering strength as the year goes down
and waning from that inner still point
of certainty, winter' s turn

that way is best? I am carried on
in the seasons' rise
and in their quieting
rise myself

because I know I go
that way
soon enough
and out of all the body' s seasons

quiescence and the certain
translucency, skin
stretched tight and thin

to the clarity
of this unmitigating
light

*

The darning egg of agate and the pencap
 the keys and their shadows
 the translucency of papers
 when the eyes lift, in that order
 lead on out the window
 equal then to the music
 as only sounds
 whoever, however come

eye and ear, all senses
 equal to the center
 -- darkness, I imagine --
 of me, of my body, where I spring
 or where all feelings seem to spring
 out and in at once

*

From the west, the fog
 moves in again, obscuring the horizon --
 I feel I'm facing a storm
 every time my eyes are down
 and then look up into
 the clear light
 carrying the edge of storm
 in me, always to reconcile
 never reconciled

the edges of light
 and shadow under the keys and
 across the top of the pen cap
 shifting but not
 lost in me, never
 erased in me

* * *

So I have faced the horizon and the long
 building and fading of the daily fogs, looked
 west into the sun setting, every day
 as the season has run, the earth
 tipping, the sun to south again

and been lost off and on, as now
in the telling of it
carefully through myself

as if to rise
to learn to rise, in imi-, intimation
of a passing out of this
a change of state

felt as a rise
because the body's slower
to a quick rise? knows a quicker tiredness
past eagerness

sheer will
seeing its seat surer
in attention in what all
actions quickness
does not make more than
a mere impressive display

*

Rise is
an unwise
choice, for
it may be
descent
the beckoning
not tempting, lure, specious
but the feeling of
a natural certainty
onward

*

O shit, it isn't
age
prompts to consider
me going where
at the rate of slow
more edginess I don't intend

but over and over

kinships with transitory
recurring
forms of cumulation --

clouds, fucking, wind
falls, ice, peepee, the attention
span, fine liquor
in its retailed state

*

The song in
whatever state
beats shit out of
and is a long
equal line with
the horizon on
the finger of
the eyes at
inattention
(not this, not
now, not my own,

I have to say,

that song
has to be made
for me)

*

Light, skin, and the droopy
shingle eaves, grass turned yellow
in the gutters
stubbs

in this light, this
sunset dense with fog

don't leave the thoughts
of body gone to seed
ever alone

* * *

The body gone to seed

rises like milkweed
 set afloat

*

what does "gone to seed" mean?
that I've fucked my way home?

certainly where the jism goes

*

milkweed seed aloft
across the lava barrancas of Paradise

or those grass seeds
Lowell and I found
popping off all around us
in a meadow above the Mad River --
a filament, a tough awn
braced the pod while it
unwound, drilling itself
into the ground

of nutriment seeking the ground

*

"the body gone to seed"--
what did I mean by that?
that I was feeling sad and seedy
wanted to break out any way
from the tight house I carried with me
an uncertain sexuality
very little touch, fearfulness
of loss?
no fucking
long looking
out at the grundginess
which I didn't register, only
well absorbed --

but seed? out of all
I'd known, to be
reborn

-- May-Aug 68, Apr 69
Berkeley



Robert Duncan:

MAN'S FULFILLMENT IN ORDER AND STRIFE

"War is both King of all and Father of all," Heraclitus says. Among poets throughout the world or within any nation, men are at war, even deadly war, with each other concerning the nature and responsibility of poetry. Conventional poets and avant-garde poets are at war; within the avant-garde followers of Pound and William Carlos Williams find themselves at war with the new gang of concrete or constructivist poets. And within the tribe of concrete poets, sound poets are at war with visual poets who raise the polemics of the letter of the word against the voice. Every order of poetry finds itself, defines itself, in strife with other orders. A new order is a contention in the heart of existing orders.

An ideal study of poetry would be concerned with all the kinds of poetries, the ideas men have had of what poetry is, with identifying the species of poetry, varieties of the poem in evolution. But, although I am interested in the nature of Poetry itself and hence am at times a would-be student, because I am a poet I find myself a prejudiced member of a very small community of belief in strife with other poets about what the poem is. We are concerned with World Order, and I would propose too that there is a nature or order of all poetries. But at best I experience only the different and differing orders of poetry that involve often incompatible ideas of what world and order are. Not only do we have different languages, we have different worlds and different orders; and within our American "world" and the particular language that the art of poetry creates there are communities of all kinds; each idea of poetry in so far as it is vitally concerned is charged with the conviction that it has a mission to change, to recreate, the heart of poetry itself. Each of us must be at strife with our own conviction on behalf of the multiplicity of convictions at work in poetry in order to give ourselves over to the art, to come to the idea of what the world of worlds or the order of orders might be. We must go beyond the sincere into the fiction whose authors, Blake tells us, are in Eternity. We must set up in the midst of the truth of What Is, the truth of what we imagine.

In the struggle to undo all the particular claims to order in Poetry, the critical battles, the movements that rule for a period, setting up laws and definitions to establish what is in order and what out of order, and then are replaced by other movements, by new periods of taste and belief, and the surrounding ever springing up dragon's teeth, the contenders and outlaws--these battles carry into the public field the inner battles of the individual poet's soul. The crucial battle in which we should exterminate the enemy is the battle against what seem to us established ideas of the poet and his art; but no sooner is he exterminated than, disestablished, he must spring anew to fight now, not for his establishment but for his life. The very life of our art is our keeping at work contending forces and convictions. When

I think of disorders, I often mean painful disorders, the disordering of fruitful orders that form in ones own work. This is the creative strife that Heraclitus praised, breaking up, away from what you knew how to do into something you didn't know, breaking up the orders I belong to in order to come into alien orders, marches upon a larger order.

When I first decided to be a poet--it came as a conviction that this was to be my work--this itself was a disordering of the world and its orders in which I had been raised. My father had been an architect and, until he died, when I was sixteen, I had been preparing to enter that world. Ideas of architecture still continue in my art today as a poet, but my conversion to Poetry was experienced by myself and by those about me as my being at war with every hope the world before had had of me. Poetry was not in the order of things. One could not earn a living at poetry. Writing poems was not such a bad thing, but to give ones life over to poetry, to become a poet, was to evidence a serious social disorder.

It was the dramatic monologues of Robert Browning that turned my attentions fo poetry. The ideal for my middle-class professional parents was to become someone, to have character and individuality, to be a real person and make a name for oneself. They strove to establish their identity in facts and actual achievements and to keep in its place another world of lower desires and idle fancies. Against this, Robert Browning's art of speaking in many imagined persons created an order of poetry, of made-up things, in what was most feared as a mental disorder, a splitting into a multitude of projected personalities--none of them Browning's own. Against the private property of self, he created a community of selves, taking existence in other times and places, other lives, other persons.

In my adolescent years I grew up in a small valley city--at least Bakersfield was then, in the 1930s, no more than 40,000 people--a fairly good-sized one, but a closed community. There would be a place for me, if I completed my professional training and took up my father's office, if I came to the right conclusions. In the life of the town one realized that if one became an interesting person, a personality of the town, then one might come into the actual central life of the city and that was the way it was run. If you get the picture, you could fit yourself in. But something in me did not want to come to such conclusions. I think when I look back on it, that's the strongest drive of my life that things not come to the conclusions I saw around me, and this involved the conclusions that I saw shaping in my own thought and actions.

Poetry, as an art, provided a dimension that I could not see in architecture, where every building was completed in itself; for in writing I came to be concerned not with poems in themselves but with the life of poems as part of the evolving and continuing work of a poetry I could never complete--a poetry that had begun long before I was born and that extended beyond my own work in it. The quality I strove for in each poem was not the quality of the work itself present in the poem. I strove for the quality of my participation in the art.

At sixteen what principles had I to criticize the conclusions I saw about me? Surely I found reasons to reject as unworthy the goals and way of

life proposed, but what moved me was only that I did not want to come to a conclusion in things. Yet there was not only this negation, for at the heart of that not wanting was a wanting to come into a vital concern that would continue.

When the invitation came to take part in this conference on Language and World Order, I felt it as an imperative, because, again, my search for a poetry that was not to come to a conclusion, a mankind that was in process not in progress, or let's say a picture of life--of the nature of life itself--in which no species would be an advance on another, leads me on to a view of language, world, and order, as being in process, as immediate happening, evolving and perishing, without any final goal--the goal being in the present moment alone. Here the future and the past are created, destroyed, created. I cannot see evolution as leading upward to Man; anymore than I can see the Australian bushman as backward or primitive or the New York sophisticate as advanced or civilized or--as many see it--brutalized. The contemporaneous elephant, the contemporaneous amoeba are not evolving towards man or fulfilled in man; anymore than the Australian might be improved to be educated as a bushman. Both sentimentalities appeal. And, caught in the burdensome struggle for survival in Manhattan, we may truly yearn for what we see as the simplicities of the struggle for survival in "primitive" life.

Human art has not improved or progressed since the Masters of the Cave, nor has it regressed or lost its vitality. In Berkeley, years ago, Giedion lecturing on the beginnings of Art showed a lantern slide of Picasso drawing with light upon the air. "As in the beginning," Giedion cried with glee--"without value--you can't sell it--without value!" The artist's conscience lies in the depth and wholeness of his involvement in the work where it is. There is a profound change in poetry between the pre-literate art of Homer and the literate art of our own day. Our knowledge of Homer enlarges our apprehension of the world, but our work in that apprehension of the world, but our work in that apprehension remains. "All ages are contemporaneous," the poet Ezra Pound suggests in his Spirit of Romance. This, of course, was the principle of Robert Browning's monologues. Whatever the Golden Age, the Fall, the Decline of the Heroic or the Progress or the Degeneration of Man were, they were as much today as five thousand years ago or in Time to Come. Our contemporary concern with World Order seems specially charged with a crisis in language and world, we are in apocalyptic times. But this crisis is not at some particular time or place; it is the condition of man and we find it wherever men have been awake to that condition. This feeling of coming to the end or the beginning of things never comes to an end and is always beginning.

Mankind that does not come to an end, or rather, whose Nature is in the wholeness of his species and not in his end, except as it is present in that wholeness, that is made up of a multitude of individualities, has become for me the central theme--a Man of all men, multiphasic, beyond what we can know but central, as we are immediate realities of Man, to what we are. This was the Adam in whom all the species have their identity. In the traditions of the Jewish Kabala this Adam falls part into the lives of all men--his identity hidden in our identities.

By the time of the Second World War I saw the reality of Hitler America was fighting as lying in what America was becoming. The United States would emerge as the power in Europe and Asia that Germany and Japan had been. I had formed a mystical pacifism: all national allegiances--my own order as an American--seemed to be really betrayals of the larger order of Man. In time we defeated Hitler, and live now in a world where not only does Hitler spring anew in his homeground which our war did nothing to transform, but we find our own government more and more in his place. Butchering Germans and Japanese had not exterminated the will to power through terror but extended it.

If you believed in Man and you were concerned with Man as an author is concerned with his *dramatis personae* in creation, then Mae West and Hitler, I realized, were contained in the reality of what Man was. They must be evidence if we were to consider the nature of the species. MacBeth is a terrible and deranged figure, and Lear in his madness brings ruin upon the land, but for their creator Shakespeare, they are not enemies but evidences of what humanity can be. Reject Mae West as vulgar or Hitler as the enemy, reject them as fellows of our kind, and you have to go to battle against the very nature of Man himself, against the truth of things. Hitler cannot be defeated; he must be acknowledged and understood. But we often do not want to find out what Man is like; we would divorce ourselves from fearful possibilities. Put away death and immunize ourselves to contending lives. Over and over again men disown their commonality with living things in order to conquer a place, exterminate the terrible or rise above the vulgar.

These two figures that came to my mind from the public history of the 1930s were challenges to the language of the art. Mae West I saw as good, a folk heroine in the struggle for a candid sexuality. I had a sort of Dame Falstaff, a super mamma; and, in Hitler I had--thinking now not of the specter of Hitler that he raised, but of the *dramatis persona* in the War of Contending Powers--a superman, as always he is, victim of his villainies. These two blasted the boundaries of what was accepted or taken for granted in American middle-class life as the boundaries of human reality. Humorously or madly, they made real and inflicted upon the world order what were considered to be unreal wishes and phantasies or fearful disorders. The clown and the murderer reveal that Nature is unnatural, Order is disordering. For, indeed, both Mae West and Hitler project individual personality in its power to invade actual reality.

Reading Dante's De Monarchia in his last year for the first time since some eighteen years ago when I was in Medieval studies, I saw Dante's vision of World Order anew in terms of my own emerging ideas of cosmos and life orders. We had, as I remember, taken it for granted that Dante's world would mean Christendom, and, within Christendom, the Roman Catholic reality. True, Dante makes it clear enough in the Divine Comedy, as in the Vita Nuova and the Convivio, that the pre-Christian world--both the Classical and the Hebrew--belongs to the goods of the intellect. And there was the lingering suspicion that Dante, in his alliance with the tradition of the troubadours of the heretical Provence, might be heterodox in his sympathies. Henri Corbin in his Avicenna and the Visionary Recital tells us that Beatrice in her dual personality is an angelic power, the

Active Intellect, which Dante had found, not in Christianity but in the Sufi teachings--in Moslem heresy. The World Order of the Divine Comedy was not only Christian but in its prime mover Islamic. Now, in De Monarchia, some very telling passages in the opening chapters emerged in a new light.

The World Order, for Dante, is a work of art: "the eternal God, by his art, which is nature, brings into being the human race", he writes. In which the ultimate fittingness of every thing, being, or event, is its contribution to the intent of the whole. "God and nature makes nought superfluous, but all that comes into being is for some function." In terms of my own Darwinian persuasion--for I see Creation as a process of evolution of forms, and these forms in turn as arising and surviving in a ground of individual variations and mutations where the multiplicity is not superfluous but the necessary condition of potential functions. "No created being is a final goal in the intention of the Creator; but rather is the proper function of that being the goal." In Darwinian evolution the intention of the Creator is itself evolving, itself having identity in the process of the survival and perishing of potential functions. And the intention of the Creator, for Dante too, is larger than the creation of Man; it is posited in the universe, the sum of forms or form of forms in time and space: "The totality of men is a whole relatively to certain parts, and it is likewise a part relatively to a certain whole. That is, it is a whole relatively to special kingdoms and nations... and it is a part relatively to the whole universe." Not only is there no superfluous part in the process of the whole, but in turn the very multiplicity of parts, the variety of individualizations, races and species, is essential to the design, creative of the design: no one a goal but each a function in the creation at work. "There is, then," Dante continues, "some function proper to humanity as a whole for which that same totality of men is ordained in so great a multitude, to which neither one man, nor one family, nor one district, nor one city state, nor any individual kingdom may attain." Man's special mode of being, for Dante, is "apprehension by means of the potential intellect," the coming into being of an intellect; and in turn the potentiality requires the multitude of individualities: "And since that same potentiality cannot all be reduced to actuality at the same time by one man, or by any of the limited associations distinguished above, there must needs be multiplicity in the human race, in order for the whole of the potentiality to be actualized thereby. Like as there must be multiplicity of things generable in order that the whole potentiality of first matter may always be in act..." The World Order, "the temporal monarchy," Dante calls it, is "a unique principedom extending over all persons in time" or "in and over those things which are measured by time." This authority is an authorship that comes into being throughout the time of creation; a poetry in which the actualization of each member's potentiality is remembered in the whole.

We think of Dante as the poet of the Christian synthesis of the thirteenth century, uniquely the master in whose work there is the crown of the civilization of the late Medieval period and the beginnings of what we call the Renaissance; and in the De Monarchia as the spokesman for the temporal authority of the Holy Roman Empire. Dante had been a leader of the defeated Ghibelline party, active in the politics of Florence, and his wife was of the powerful Guelf Donati family. In 1302 he was exiled and condemned with his two sons

to death. For nineteen years--the years of his creative vision--he lived until his death in exile. Of his wife Gemma di Manetto Donati we hear nothing; she remained with the opposition. The Lady who appears in his vision is Beatrice Portinari who had died when Dante was twenty-four. For Dante as author his one personality as a Ghibelline partisan, "nor one family, nor one city-state", proved to be his proper function. And back of the argument for the authority of the Emperor, we begin to see a larger function of the term of empire. "That I may keep vigil for the good of the world," Dante declares in the opening paragraph of De Monarchia.

Nor can Christendom itself suffice. The order of "all persons in time" and "things which are measured by time" must include the multiplicity of other religions and philosophies, of all instances in which man comes into apprehensions of what he is. Plato as well as Christ belongs to the apprehension of the potential intellect. For us today, the intelligence of man's earliest works--the intelligence of the shaping hand at work on the axe blades of obsidian--belongs to the great work. The goal not only could not lie in any one kingdom, but not in any one civilization. Here Dante anticipates Toynbee, where the proper form lies in "the entire civilization of the human race." In the extension of time that meant for Dante that the goal lay in the civilizations of Greece and Rome and of the Old Testament Israel as well as in the Christian era. In space it meant that the goal must include the Moslem, the Jewish, the Byzantine, as well as the Roman Catholic. But Dante's father had died a heretic, and Dante had his own origins in the Romance tradition of the Provence where gnostic cult and Kabbala mingled with Hermetic Islam. The multiplicity of the human potentiality upon which Dante insists meant he knew that true order must insure freedom and peace--in order that each individual be free to actualize its own potential. He took his definition from Aristotle: "that is free which exists for the sake of itself and not of some other." "Under a perverted government a good man is a bad citizen," he quotes Aristotle further, "but under a right one, a good man and a good citizen are convertible terms."

Today the World Order that we know must be imagined in terms not of one civilization but of the multiplicity of civilizations; as the imagination of Man's potentialities must search out all we know and dream of Man's experience everywhen, everywhere. Certainly the governments under which man lives today are perverted versions. The United States in the name of industrial free enterprise and democracy attacks wherever it can the "Communist" world, sacrificing all freedom of individuals in a conscription for a war in the name of freedom, as the word "free" in economics covers a reality of tax-indebtedness and wage slavery. And the Soviet Union of Russia faces the "Imperialist" world, in the name of communism, where all individual volition is sacrificed for the power of the State. Where once the Provence was ravaged and its populations murdered in a holy Christian crusade declared by the Papacy; today Johnson's armies destroy Viet Nam, to save it from communism, and the Soviet Union descends upon a Hungary, to save it from heretical practices.

Yet the individualism of American ideals and the communism of Soviet ideals--and in each civilization the ideal of brotherhood in a common society--belong to the earlier Christian vision of the good. In the name of democracy we produce a travesty of brotherhood--a society based on sibling rival-

ry. And in the name of communism they produce a travesty in which the bosses of a political party control all means of production and realization. In the United States as well as in the Soviet Union today men must fight for freedom.

If we are so upon the brink of the destruction not only of political orders and of civilizations but of the potentiality of world order itself--for that is the nightmare content of our times--involving all beings, all living forms, then we are in such a perversion of government that no man who means good can be a good citizen. If our manner of speech has come, as it has, to be so much a cover that for the sake of freedom men are drafted against their will; for the sake of peace, armed men and tanks fight in our streets; and for the sake of the good life, the resources of our land are ruthlessly wasted, and waterways and air polluted, then we need a new manner of speaking.

But the "we" who find ourselves on the brink of the destruction of the World Order are also, wherever we have sought to imagine the nature of freedom and of our commonality, the meaning of living for one's own true sake and of the multiplicity of freedoms necessary for the fulfillment of the whole of Man's potentiality, we are also on the brink of our own vision of World Order. There is just this apprehension of a World Order, of a potential intellect, in which each lives. It is the attack everywhere upon the potential intellect of Man, the contempt for the vision of the world ecology and animal life and for Man's work and identity therein, that brings us to the brink. But this is an attack that is made in every generation of Man. The bend of the bow, Heraclitus called it. Freud in our day a Heraclitean saw the bow bent between Eros and Thanatos. In our apprehension of the potential intellect, we find superimposed the multiplicities of What Is--"the facts of life"--and ideas of World Order in which oppositions are in agony. There is a deadly intent at work in life. As we raise the picture of an ideal World Order, the universe as a triumphant work of art--the mask now of the face of Man's potentialities in their actualizations--a vulgar comedy of sexual aggression, Mae West, and a vulgar tragedy--it is the word "tragedy" that comes to mind as the twin of "comedy"--but it is a horror drama of the wrath, the enmity of the Gods, that comes as twin of the sexual comedy, Hitler--these two clowns of desire and hatred haunt that mask.

This very brink in which we despair of the unity in multiplicity of humanity is the brink in which we had the vision of that unity. We are no more than ourselves, members of the human community at once hopeful and despairing, if not at war with the threat of foreign tyranny at war with the threat of our own inner tyranny, at war for the world view against the national or party polemic, at war for the totality of our human nature against the polemics of a character-forming rigor mortis; and yet, we are envisioning the greatest commonality, seeing as if with "God's" eye a release of Man's fullest nature from its bonds. At once creatures, subject to the intent of the creation we belong to, and, seeing ourselves so, creators, participants in that intent. "God," Heraclitus said, "is day night, war peace..." "and undergoes alterations in the way that fire, when it is mixed with spices, is named according to the scent of each." We have had argued or taken for granted that the term "God" is not necessary or that the term "God" is not fitting where the reality of things is to be considered. And we could certainly argue that "apprehension by means of the potential intellect" is a highly idealized characteristic for Man as a species. But in

the language of poetry, in the reality of the imagination--what in certain intensities of language-excitement we actually do imagine--the coexistence of all beings in the time of human thought is a fact. The modern mind has chickened out on God; but poets, familiars of daemons and centaurs, elemental sprites and angelic powers, work in the world of creative fictions, a world in which, as William James in his *Psychology* saw, Pickwick and Christ have an enduring reality. For us, for whom everything in human experience is so real and immediate wherever our human consciousness and conscience, our conscience, is alive and aware, for whom words call up immediacies, God in all the spices of men's life records of their experience of God is real.

Today, many use marijuana or L. S. D. in order to come into a reality larger than their own personality or case history or their one family or one city or one nation or one species. But I do it on language. Words send me.

Taking self in nature or cosmos, enlarges the meaning of freedom. Taking the God in the multiplicity of men's languages, in the apprehension of the multiplicity of actualizations beyond ones vision, enlarges the language of unity and intent. All that we can know of Man's engagement with Self and World, what we can read from the wall paintings of the Ice Age as well as what we can read from Darwin and Lyell, must be acknowledged and redeemed in our own feeling of Self and World. If I seek to picture Man in his multiplicity for myself, and in that multiplicity to imagine a composition in which goods and evils belong to the order of things; if I seek in that order of things to read another order of creative significance, it is because I feel the world as creation and what is happening as a drama, the processes of the actual world as the deepest drama. The stars, the dark depths of space beyond, and the light streaming from the sun, speak to us; the earth, the waves and winds, the twittering of birds and the glances of animals, speak to us. The fall of a rock, the shifting of sands can be read and, in one way of reading, the story of the earth is revealed, in another way of reading, elusive apprehensions of our own inner fate or identity in process emerge. We are creatures of language and invent in turn with the sounds of our mouths, or hands beating surfaces, or with marks upon a stone or arrangements of sticks, an other speech, a speech "for its own sake" in answer to the World Order which was a language before ours. All human life is most truly, it has seemed to poets, a dream; or "a stage" Shakespeare calls it. The scientist's laboratory was called in Shakespeare's time the chemical theater. The theater of events, the histrionic plots of political powers, and the theaters of war. Men return with a language of defoliation and liquid fire to silence the earth from which they came. God is the Word in Christian theology; and He is also the Silence. The word God becomes necessary where there is an intense feeling of presence and oneness in opposites, an awe that cannot let go of contradictory elements, of an otherness in which I am more truly "I".

The first experience in poetry is to find in words not an argument or an explanation but a world, to see an other world or be of an other world. Here definitions are not restrictions but outlines of emerging possible elements of that world. When Robert Browning's dramatic monologues, instead of being taken as mere literature or examples of the poet's accomplishment or speeches for an actor to deliver, were taken as events contributing to an event in my own

being, I had caught the poetic mode of being, a contagion, and "came down with" poetry. Where the poetic takes over, the poem is not just entertained as an idea but is taken in as a fact of the poetic experience, the process of the identity of a poet to be. Poets praise the moon and are as looney as any medium at her seance table in trance where this personification begins, talking in voices. The writer of poems may or may not be such a reader; but if he is, he becomes, as all deep readers of poetry do, informed by the poem; entering the reality of the poem, even the sensation of being in a language dissolves and at least for the time he is on a trip. For most readers that trip is no more permanent than the trip on a marijuana cigarette or the trip on L. S. D., or the trip of the Sunday churchgoer on a superficial indulgence in piety, but it can go deep. Another thing must come into play then, for in deep reading, desiring that trip is the one we have been calling Man, and Dante's actualization of potential intelligence comes into the question.

To undertake the big trip, as Dante did in his trip into the depths of the *Inferno*, through the agonies of Purgatory and into the heights of Heaven, needs an intelligence to meet the inspiration, an active intellect. For Dante, the everpresent and acknowledged authority of Virgil and, above Virgil, of Beatrice, keeps alive the reality of Self and World in the most intoxicating vision. The thing is that you are always susceptible to such big trips, words lead out and away, and flights of imagination, following lines of alliteration and rime or the rhythms of an entranced voice, lead into man-snares everywhere. The whole conventional order of society is raised to keep its members inert, deadened to possibilities of passionale dis-ease. Drugged or out of our minds, we find below the conventional behavior the passionate reality of the world to be Hell, the dwelling place, as Dante tells us in his *Inferno*, of those who have lost the good of the intellect.

In the new generation of those today under forty, poets have returned to drugs, to hashish, principally marijuana, but also to heroin, to seek their highs and their being sent. Their own terms tell us that they take the intellect not to be a guide but to be a hinderance in this operation. They "blow their minds". The junkie tells us of his Hell in his terms for the heroin that sends him--it is "junk" or "shit". Or, recalling other agencies of forfeiting the intellect, deadening the mind, the trip is "a gas".

Well, I like poems that are a gas. But this is a gas, the spirit, that is filled with and fills itself with the world; a trip in which the poet goes back and back and back as he goes way out, back into the things of his world, so that that gassy trip will be a trip increasingly into his own experience and into this experience advancing into the very beginnings of time. In the inflation of the dreaming "I", this beginning, the idea of this beginning, involves an active and searching intellect at work to imagine the beginnings not only of person but of the larger "I" in Man and the largest consciousness we have of our "I" in our belonging to the process of the Cosmos.

Back of Dante's idea of himself as poet and of the meaning of his visionary recital was his idea of God as poet or creator, of God's Art which is Nature, and of the cosmos as poetry or creation. In the Christian vision where the reality of things is creative and passionate, and God is Himself a poet and at the same time suffers in His own Creation, being a poet is a very different

thing from being a poet in a world where God is thought of as a mind aloof from the disgraces of the physical and actual, where God is, if maker, a maker of paradigms and eternal truths but poorly reflected in the actual world about us.

When St. John said "In the beginning was the Word", the world that begins, our world, is most truly a book, and to experience with an active intelligence means to learn to read therein. Now the Greek idea of the poet, where the word means maker, and of the poem as a work of art, a thing made with words, becomes informed by the idea of God as a Maker, and poets, as well as emperors and popes, are vicars of divine intent. Christ who is at once the author and the heroic-victim of His passion is very like Sappho who is the maker and sufferer of divine or immortal love songs: the wonder of their making and the pain of their feeling embodied are inseparable.

In the Christian world we have our special kind of poems that are no longer epics like Homer's, but world poems--poems in which the passionate experience of the poet and the passionate experience of the world are identified. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Blake, create worlds in which in turn they are themselves intensely incarnate. We do not only listen to a poem as the presentation of a trip belonging to times long ago, the story of other men and strange ways, but we also turn to the poem for a presentation of our Self. The poet is the maker of person, of Self, of a creation.

Being thoroughly a convert of such an idea of poetry, and now thirty years being in that work, deep in it, let's say that though I can keep just this perspective to acknowledge that this idea of poetry is a very special one I've got, I have got it, it has me. In the intensity of the work, it, Poetry, gives me orders. Let us think for a moment of what this creative principle means in politics. Whenever our conventional, pragmatic, self-protective and rationalizing politics breaks and the long apprehended and repressed passional reality of things appears or begins to appear, in all passionate politics, men are moved not by opportunity but by what is mindlessly or mindfully desired. It is a disorder of our times that men so fear passion itself as an evil, that they will take as true the passionate evil of a Hitler and no longer believe in the passionate good. Men like McCarthy offer reasonable goods as men like Nixon offer reasonable evils, the law and order of domestic and foreign police forces; both seek to guarantee a politics that will be pragmatic and avoid the creative political reality. Both seek to guarantee that nothing will "happen".

Creative order is identified with the ultimate order of Reality, only here, at last, does it have its "reason". Well, no wonder then that I have to break up orders, to loosen the bindings of my own conversions, for my art too constantly rationalizes itself, seeking to perpetuate itself as a conventional society. I am trying to keep alive our awareness of the dangers of my convictions.

My mind gets taken over by this picture of the world as a poem in which language, world, and order, become identical. The actual world speaks to me, and when it comes to that pitch, the words I speak with but imitate the way the mountain speaks. I create in return. In the structures of rime, not "I" but words themselves speak to you. Let me give you an example here without searching for what I have to say. Here is "Word" over here, Mr. Word, and as soon as I acknowledge his presence he takes over. One of you has something to say, "That is a word", you say; but Word has to say "the Mountain is

red." I don't have to think it. It is said in the telling of it.

As I write, the writing talks to me. In the Orphic tradition, poets could understand the language of birds and trees. Listening to the roar of the waves, voices appear. It is only a story we are making up, but it comes to us. We find we are living, suffering, loving, dying a story. We had not known otherwise.

I started a series without end called Structures of Rime in which the poem could talk to me, a poetic seance, and, invoked so, persons of the poem appeared as I wrote to speak. I had only to keep the music of the invocation going and to take down what actually came to me happening in the course of the poem. Lawrence tells us that once he was at work on a novel his characters took over, having their own life there. He had only to follow, hard put to keep up with them. The creatures of this world are not puppets but each his own most intense center of the creator's intent. Lawrence comes to realize not what he means but what his work means, as we reading too come to realize, in what happens in his creatures' lives. Only in the actual immediate living entity does its author realize his design and, in that, his identity as creator. The active intellect works to acknowledge and redeem the content of the work as the content of a significant form. So the poet searches out the actuality of the world into which he extends what is now his world or Self--his search transformed into an art--in order to realize in imagination the world. From the reality of this order, an "interior" feeling that has its heart in the apprehension of universe, being and even self, more real than he is, speak to him.

Let's see if I can find a poem where this kind of speaking occurs. This new book of mine Bending the Bow is moving into a different area, and it was from an earlier period--the first Structures of Rime--I was thinking of....

The wrong way around to do it is to want to illustrate something by means of the poem instead of letting the poem speak for itself. Using the poem instead of listening to it, so, pursuing something you think you are saying, you lose hearing what you are saying.

I had started to go back to the beginnings of a sense of an aura in language, to a rhythmic and tonal seizure in words where I found suddenly I was not using language but used by language, not saying something I meant to say but being carried away to things I had not thought to say--amazed or ashamed of what I was saying. Here the beginnings of song and prophecy, of trance and imagination, are very close, and how much, and rightly, we are afraid of them. Unspoken and unacknowledged purposes of our own rush in. "Poetry," Ezra Pound wrote, "is language charged with meaning to the utmost degree" ("Great literature," the actual text reads, "is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree"). In that charge there are meanings we are not prepared for. Language so charged is not simple, it is multiphasic. And there is a sinister, a duplicit, possibility in the charge.

One thing I remember of this sinister possibility in language is that I discovered early how I could exploit the powers of to fascinate. My older cousins related the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, and poems like "Lenore", "The Raven", or "Ulalume" to us, my sister and me, and I found that there was an intense delight in sensations of horror when it was fantastic, as later I would

relish the very Poesque passages of Eliot's Waste Land, the bats with baby faces in the violet light of "What the Thunder Said." There was a way of stirring the nerve ends in apprehension of depths that were only entertained not released into the real. Men created an Unreal, or Irreal, as the painter Redon called it. And I found then, repeating these stories of Poe "for thrills", giving myself over to the sinister anticipation of the story, I could "hold" a little group of my contemporaries "spell-bound", reducing them to a screaming hysteria--the hysteria, though I didn't know it, of a repressed early puberty--in which their susceptibility to the emerging horrible idea exceeded their pleasure, before I myself was overcome. I could ride the wave of adrenaline and the reality of the horror story would increase to the state where it became a present reality all but unbearable, my fiendish little eyes watching the listeners advance into hysterics from my own actively focussed hysteria in the telling. Now this is a very early acquaintance with a power of language that can release the demonic in politics, an almost innocent rapture in the exploitation of guilt and fear.

Wherever language is charged to the utmost degree, this primitive or sinister degree will enter into the scale. In great literature, the creator is most wary of his powers.

Very soon in my lifetime I would see now in the political arena the sinister power of the will could sweep the actual world into a poetry of terror and apocalyptic fury. In Leni Riefenstahl's Triumph of the Will this masterly poet of the film out of her own tyrannical will shows us Hitler as such a poet of the public soul, as the leader speaking not in a personal voice but with a demotic voice, the voice of the People. This entity, the feeling into which we can be swept out of our individual realities into belonging to the demos, is the creation of an enthralling speech. Hitler, creating himself as Leader, arouses those he will lead as the people of a nation of his dream.

Or any group this large, as large as this audience gathered here today, if it be moved, given a crisis in political life so there was a will toward political unity, if they want to have the power a people has, want a voice to arouse them. They will feed, feed, feed, to become a demos, where the demotic speaker casts his spell, to become inspired democrats, breathing in his breathings. Where the will that can be called-up in the many, not in its multiplicity of individual members but in its overpowering simplicity of the majority, forces each individual into the area of becoming a member of a democracy. In the complex idea of our democracy, we have not only the potentiality of free communities of interest but we have, even stronger, in times of crisis, the potentiality of giving over the individual volition with its powerlessness to move the mass, giving over the uncertain individual consciousness to the sweeping certainties of becoming one of the crowd. Not only in Germany but in the United States of America our ideas of democracy are filled with the urge to shed our individual responsibility and to become a person of the Nation. Latent, we recognize this everpresent force in our concepts of the public mind, the public morality, or in how much Americans strive to conform to a public taste. This is very different, this being a democratic man, from being the member of a community. All the latent forces of conformity wait for the demotic voice to arouse the sleeping content of that public will, and that demotic voice will be the one we have seen appear again and again with a passionate need. The secret power of the demotic leader to arouse a people is that he impersonates the poetic content of his nation,

he is driven by the unfulfilled consequences of a nation's history. But the unfulfilled consequences of history are not man's yet unripened goods. Goods are not consequential. It is the crimes and errors, the debts, of a nation that lie in the public mind demanding justice and payment. In the terrors of the French Revolution not only the crimes of the Ancien Regime but the crimes of the revolutionists themselves "erupt" into the nightmare that actual life becomes. In this overcharge of language with popular apprehensions we no longer struggle for the full sense of what is involved. We no longer keep the interchange with knowledge and intelligence that Dr. Lenneberg has so nicely defined as the proper engagement of language; for once we are people of a nation we are forced to surrender the authority of intellect. Language suddenly runs loose, out of bounds, and so does knowledge. The charge sweeps us up--"on a trip", I said earlier. The demotic inspiration converts us, beyond ourselves, into the people of a language, into a flow, a current of destiny.

What is the difference between Hitler as the demotic leader and the poet? In following the political leader our will is to become converted to the purposes of a political force in history; our "selves" here are our very lives, our individuating personal purposes. The poem of the political genius, what he is making, is the very state in which we live. I mean here the political dominion we call the State, and in that the state of being that we feel in all the relationship of the pronouns "we" and "they" to the nation. But let us not think now of a nationalist, for we have in mind the grand politics of a World Order, the political leadership in which the people becomes identical with the totality of Mankind. The leader of the people must convert actual men to his purposes, to be killed upon the battlefield of his cause or to be conscripted or coerced from their individual wilfulness into the service of a new order, as the poet uses words, converting them from their history as the language of other men into their particularity as his own language. In recalling those early versions of enthralling a juvenile audience with tales of terror, I had in mind how much this grue is still an element in my art as a poet to touch upon terror, a formal compulsion. In politics too, where it is inspired, it is inspired by a formal compulsion. It is important then to make it clear that this grue is in the poem an element in a contained experience. The poem is an event in language, yes, but, further, it is an event in the language of poetry, and its consequences belong properly to the occasion of the art. Well, when I think of World Order, when I think of order at all, I think of it as so contained, a state and a state of being as a work of art. If words slashed from the composition of a paragraph could bleed, as men do, or, removed from their original intent into the blinding intent of a new poetry, could cry out in protest....

And, as I suggested in the opening of this talk, there is not only the dream of an order of orders in Poetry and World, but there is a polemic of orders in the struggle for larger terms of order. Poetry charged with meaning to the utmost degree must be thought of as being charged with a conscience of order and disorder. Self-contained, I had wanted to say just now the poem was, but the self contained is just that apprehension of potentialities, dangerous as well as rewarding, that break what we thought to be the boundries of content.

In the poem "Up Rising" I came close to the demotic voice. In the context of our particular and national crisis of conscience for those of us

who even imagine ourselves as members of any community larger than national interests define--the context of what the American historian Commager describes as our "unacknowledged, unrepented crimes": the dispossession of the Indian, the exploitation and destruction of the ecological orders of the land, the degradation of men in wage slavery and credit bondage, the contempt for international law--for those of us whose sense of our common humanity has been outraged, the poem seems primarily political in its meaning: to arouse the conscience of the people against the existing order of dominion. Indeed, I sought publication of the poem in a political magazine, The Nation, with that in mind that its impact would be certainly one of arousing a people to such a sense of outrage at what was--what is--going on in the United States. Back of such a sense of moral outrage is the strong sense of belonging to this "we", of being American as a condition of being human, so that the crimes of the Nation are properly my own, of having, in other words, a burden of original sin in the history of the Nation. The vital center of my vision of any World Order is that it must redeem, must be the redemption of, not the rising above, that burden of acknowledged crimes against humanity.

Yet the poem belongs, in the scope of the larger poem-series it appears in, not to the history of the United States, but to a larger structure of ideas. For not even Man for me can represent the term of World Order. In the great vision that emerges from Darwin's evolutionary biology, Man is but a species among many species. The ultimate intent of life is larger, and we will as men be judged in the courts of the evolving forms of the DNA as forms of survival and perishing into new forms. Already we can see the overpopulation of our species and apprehend that we will not survive in the order of things as we are. Our orders are disorderly. We have come into an overfulfillment of our numbers. But this disorder itself changes the order of things.

"Up Rising" belongs not only to the political cast of the day but also to the imagination of Man and his time that I address in the series without end to which the poem belongs. Riding the wave at once of my own high blood pressure--a physical disorder I was ignorant of at the time but to which the poem clearly refers--and of my outrage in the "high blood pressure" attack of the American government upon Viet Nam, and back of that the hostile phantasies embodied in the creative genius of the atomic weapons and the preparations for germ warfare, riding the wave of my outrage I saw Johnson as the demotic leader, unleashing into action and moved by the secret evil of American karma as Hitler or Stalin had impersonated the evil karma of German or Russia. These leaders gather their will and power from the popular craving to be lead into ways of reprisal and repression.

In our poetic tradition, our conscience as poets, we inherit a vision not only of the potentialities for good latent in the entity of these States, but also of the profound potentialities for evil. I drew not only upon the current of my own feeling as my vision sprang into life for me, sensing deeply the threat of a terror to come beyond the terrors we know in what the Viet Nameese suffered--I mean the terror we must have in so far as we remain "American" in America's crimes--but also upon my studies of how America had been seen by poets I recognized as inspired visionaries. Whitman's vision of America in his Eighteenth Presidency essay had come in earlier in the Passages series. Now

the vision of Blake and of Lawrence informed my own vision in "Up Rising".

Blake looking into the beginning of the American Revolution saw the Revolution of the States as belonging to the drama of the deep sickness of Europe "where the horrible darkness is impressed with reflections of desire". Blake's vision is of a confusion of intents and powers that strikes true to the confusion in which America was born. At first seeing Washington, Franklin, Paine as heroes rising in the flames of unfulfilled desire, rising to liberate Man from his bonds of repression, Blake came in his lifetime to see Washington as he saw Napoleon, as a "heroic villain", for following the subsidence of the American and French Revolutions came no liberation of Man's nature from the external repressions of social law or the internal repressions of the superego, as we would call it.

Not only despairing of other men's powers to realize the good of a democracy but also seeing realistically his own powers, John Adams declared that government "requires the continual exercise of virtue beyond the reach of human infirmity, even in its best estate." In this sense World Order and language itself are beyond the reach of human infirmity--the governments we would seek to impose are built up in ignorance and inability to cope with the fullness of the nature we apprehend. The outraging of Man overtakes his definitions of his virtues. This is why the study of intelligence in language where rationality is taken for intelligence so little accounts for our experience in language. The logical positivist seeking sound ground comes to the despairing conclusion that all the world of experience is madness and poetry.

The angel Albion appears in Blake's America "a dragon form, clashing his scales"; and the shadowy Daughter of Urthona, "Dark Virgin", the suffering spirit of America, appears as the Bride enslaved addressing her groom:

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go.
Thou art the image of God who dwells in the darkness of Africa,
And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death..."

Blake saw the soul of America as a shadowy bride whose black husband is in chains; or a black bride whose true groom is the enslaved spirit of Europe hidden in Africa-- The reality of our history appeared in flames and agony where a spiritual alchemy was at work to unite in marriage Heaven and Hell or the Righteous and the Damned.

In the politics of the Civil War period, Lincoln took the unity of these States, the National identity, as the primary cause of the War, and the issue of slavery as no more than an attendant opportunity. Certainly, as Emerson saw, he did not take slavery itself as a deep-going political concern; the wage-slavery of the workers in the mills of the North was not thought of as important. He was an opportunist on that level; a demotic leader concerned with "the People" and dismissing the deep sickness of the American spirit or ignorant of it. Yet we can look again, remembering that slavery was deeper and more pervasive in the economic structure of the society, and see Lincoln as inspired in his striving first to keep first of all the one Nation indivisible; for within this Nation the forces were at work and they must be kept together even in strife. What a relief it seems to me at times it would have been if the South

had been let go with its overt and proud enslavement of the African, if we could let all the opposites separate into a state of their own! But I remember then that it is just this "enemy"--the mass that we see active today raising its banners of fear and hatred, segregation and war--that must be kept alive in the conscience.

Blake saw the war within clearly. He saw a figure that we are today involved in, the freedom that the integration of Man demanded. He saw America as the working-ground of all Mankind. There could be no easy victory. Tolerance could be no substitute for love. The end of the civil war would not come with being able to go to the same school, to ride on the same bus, to eat at the same public table. Only in the love-feast of the agape and in the love-wedding in which desire was liberated in sensual delight would the work be done. The savage evil of segregation and enslavement is that it divided the bride from her true bridegroom.

It is not in political right-thinking or in political power that we come into the apprehension of a World Order but in falling in love. It is in the very act of love, in the marital union, and then in the love-banquet of brotherhood--at once ideal and sexual--that the meaning of freedom and fulfillment is at work.

In the light of a doctrine of the meaning of wrath, read out of Jacob Boehme, a theosophist of the seventeenth century, who saw the Father's Wrath working to create Itself in the Son as Love, and the doctrine of unacted desire and sensual grace read out of Blake, I saw the Wrath and Dreams of America in Viet-Nam as an appearance of the hydra of a thousand vengeful heads rising in the vision of Man, the violence of a deeply violated nature in all the places of order.

And I brought into the orchestration of this figure the vision of another poet, D.H. Lawrence, who saw the American Eagle as more than an arbitrary symbol of the nation...

.....

Lincoln, who in the office of President represented the dominant party of American politics, in his spiritual power represented the inner authority, the creative personality of the Nation. In this identification, an identification charged with the man's creative intuitions, it was not slavery, either the industrial wage and credit slavery of the North which was to win out in the War nor the agricultural chattel slavery of the South, that he held the issue of the times, but the very unity of These States. The whole force of the man comes forward to affirm the ultimate authority of the Nation, that we be ultimately not the people of God's intent or of the world but of one Nation. "Indivisible," he insisted. "Shall not perish from this earth." In this taking the American crisis in the terms of a national identity and his putting aside the terms of our common humanity--the crisis of slavery or the rights of private ownership of men's lives and labors--Lincoln was an opportunist. A civil war and the superior forces of Northern industry and armies, the death of conscripts and well as of volunteers, an army then in part enslaved, would establish the authority of the Nation. But in the heart of that nation the grievous agony of its claims to ultimate authority over men's lives and souls bound all its people to a terr-

ible history. For now, within the national identity, forged anew by Lincoln in the fires of the Civil War, each of us, in so far as we are Americans, are "of the people" and inherit a national karma, the projection of a destiny or identity in history. It is this predatory destiny that brings us to war-fronts in Europe, Asia, Africa, and throughout the Western Hemisphere, where we find ourselves at war with communism--at war with more than half the world.

In Up Rising then two figures are superimposed: the hydra, the Old Dragon rising again into all the heads of power, and the other, the national emblematic eagle takes over.

Benjamin Franklin had urged that the new States should take the turkey as their bird, representative of a domestic peace and prosperity, and he protested strongly that the eagle stood for the ambitions of rapacious and murderous empires. Imperial Rome had subjugated a world to the law and order of its Caesars under that winged predator; and wherever the arrogance of world dominion goes the eagle appears on its standards. Franklin, who thought abruptly and realistically, knew the powers of that insignia, and he argued for the turkey-cock in his domestic pride. We almost snicker. In our sense of how inappropriate the turkey is, we can see how much our own sense of dignity has departed from that of men like Franklin and how much it demands the Mithraic imperium of the Bird of War. Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, had striven to insure that America would never be bound in foreign entanglements, and in the Monroe Doctrine it almost seemed assured that America would be resolute in staying out of Europe, much less Asia. Today, there is no political leader who does not presume that we must be the moral leaders and the actual police force of the entire world.

The people of America, Lawrence saw in his poem "The American Eagle", were not their own masters but rabbits, food for the ambitions and phantasies of their rulers. The eagle, "bird of men who are masters," consumes the people like fodder, drafted and voluntary sacrifice alike meat to the State: "Lifting the rabbit-blood of the myriads up into something splendid." "Drinking a little blood, and loosing another royalty unto the world." The image is at once exultant, for Lawrence had a hunger for power, and charged with outrage, for he was outraged by his cravings.

We might change the colors of our flag and their meanings into the red, yes, the red stripes bleeding down over the whole works, valiant and cowardly bleeding alike, rabbits lifted up into the arrogant power of the nation, and, in the place of white and blue, the black-and-blue of a contusion. In our contemporary scene I see an up rising of this specter into a display of its powers:

Opening great wings in the face of the sheep-faced ewe
Who is losing her lamb,
Drinking a little blood, and loosing another royalty
unto the world.
Is that you, American Eagle?

Lawrence's poem is from the 1920s. The United States of America had tasted its first blood of foreign wars at large in the First World War and it had emerged in its own dreams a great World Power, the Great World Power. In the

Second World War, the Eagle was to conquer the German Eagle, the Italian Fasces, the Japanese Sun, and to take their place as claimant to the dominion of Europe and Asia. We were to emerge from that war not as the Land of Liberty and Home of the Free but as the Land of Law and Order, gradually at home and abroad not a rule by the people but a rule by police force.

From a poem by my own near-contemporary, James Dickey, I brought forward into my own composition the figure of the bomber--"the All-American boy in the cockpit loosing his flow of napalm" he appears in Up Rising. Freud has prepared our minds to see how the unfulfilled and repressed desire flares up in fear and rages in burning and killing. Blake and Lawrence, as I have shown, saw America charged with such force, exploding into scenes of fire and bloodshed. In Dickey's poem "Fire-Bombing", dwelling upon his own phantasies, fed by his actual missions over Japan in the Second World War, the poet projects an exultant and fearful inner reality in which his somnambulistic experience of power remembered in his bombing flights mingles with a hostility towards his own American neighborhood and even his home. Reliving his burning of suburbs in "napalm and high octane fuel"--is it Japan or is it

A town with everyone darkened,
Five thousand people are sleeping off
An all-day American drone

--the drone of his plane? or the drone, twenty years later, of the American routine? In the pun in which drone means the monotony of a motor or of labor in a motorized society, the poet is master of a threat:

I still have charge--secret charge

Dickey tells us,

Of the fire developed to cling
To everything: to golf carts and fingernail
Scissors as yet unborn tennis shoes

It is his own world, America, that now is burning in his thought of that world. And like Lawrence, Dickey is not only exultant in his hostile craving for destructive power but also apprehensive in that power; in his case he is not scornful of his scorn (Lawrence sees the Eagle as in his arrogance) but fearful of his fearfulness (Dickey sees the Eagle in his murderous will).

The alternative to this order of a world is not a United Nations--a bargaining table of rival predators and their prey. It must live in a larger vision of the meaning of Order and from that meaning what our lawfulness must be.

My perspective would go throughout time and the present world of man as it extends into an acknowledged nature of our being. In this order I am fascinated by boundries, by the fact that the real has just those boundries we are willing to imagine. In my work I do not conceive of image as leading to image, of a stream of consciousness or associations, nor of the development

of images, as the primary form, but of the coexistence of many figures: a plurality of boundries means a multiphasic image of What Is. And to extend that imagination, I study the sciences of Man and His superstitions, I gather in wherever it speaks to me His testimony of experience, searching to have a more and more multitudinous image of what Man is, and a more and more various resource in His being. The deep and true testimony recognized of men who have known passionately that there are no gods, is no God, comes into the whole then as a coexistent figure with the deep and true testimony recognized of men who have known passionately that there are gods, is a God. Men in love with Gods, men wishing that there were Gods, Men at war with Gods. Here, Gods and God have to do with the intent, with the absence of intent, in what is happening.

Think of the poem Up Rising then, not as it has often been taken as a reaction to the particular violation of our common humanity by the Johnson administration, think of this as an acknowledgement and potential repentance then of what America means. We resist this violence; we would like to draw a certain boundry to the violence by which we maintain even local order. Shall the police be able to repress with a strong arm? Shall they be instructed to kill? My sense is that the vital thing is that we come into the presented reality. The leaders deny that they are doing what they are doing. They act in the exterior social world as we recognize forces of repression act in the interior person to refuse to see what they disapprove of in themselves. That reality, the presentation of how in the heyday of Johnson's administration, in the full arrogance of his power, the specter of America's arrogance appeared, as in Stalin and Hitler the specters of imperial Russian and German arrogance appeared--does not coerce our choice. But acknowledging what we are doing is important. This is the importance we find in tragedy, where Man comes to know the depths of what he is doing, his righteousness is stripped bare. The bomber overlooks the reality he inflicts--he flies high as the politician who directs his action likes to fly high above the reality of his orders. The State Department agent plays, as if it were a game, moves and countermoves in the name of peace and order, of "honor", that involve unrealities of burning cities and countrysides laid waste. The lies of Johnson and his régime are terms of the language of a grand psychopathology of daily political life that belongs to their refusal to face the facts of what they are doing. The actual terms of the Geneva agreements on Vietnam, the actual nature of the National Liberation Front and of the various governments of Saigon, the actual destruction of the country that is being "liberated"--these facts are censored from all considerations of the reality of the war, and the specter of Communism raised in the hallucinatory obsession that is American foreign policy, a cover-image projected as by a magic-lantern upon the cloud of hostile intentions the liberator does not acknowledge, lures the American forces on to shoot down actual men in the streets, to all the fearful violence that we are familiar with in studies of the psychopathology of individual cases. From this history of a war has emerged a sentence in which the dream-content is brilliantly clear: "In order to save the village it was necessary to destroy it." The language of this history is to be read as the language of a psychotic episode in which there is no recognition of the madness, where with pious regret and considered deliberation the President can write in Vietnam his history in terror and suffering. The frenzy

of the Huns, the berserk mania of the Norsemen, and their overt purpose to conquer the land, have deeply imprinted upon our common experience the terrible experience of such war. And the madness of Hitler is vivid--but here too, when we look deeper, we find that specter of Communism giving rationale to the armies of police in Germany, to bring law and order, and then the armies of police abroad, and then the concentration camps and the ovens. Johnson's ovens are in Asia where most Americans do not smell the burning meat. MacBeth is an awakened man, having the humanity of those thresholds in which he faces the nightmare he works--he sees the dagger before his eyes and is haunted by images of bloodshed and terror. Johnson, reading a script rationalizing his monstrous actions, written by a public relations agent, is dehumanized by a mediating language. We have no imperial purposes in Asia; in order to free the land it is necessary to destroy it.

We like to consume the digest of what is going on in terms of a mediating language, to see even horror--the facts of burned meat and bellies bloated in starvation--in terms of rational dislogue. Rusk will not start up from his negotiations staring wildly at the true specter of the napalmed child whose eyes stare wildly in return from the charred flesh, nor at some bloody figment of his imagination, for he does not imagine, dares not imagine, the horrors of the war he directs. So Napoleon surrounded himself in the Louvre with pictures of his own triumph and glory but saw no glimmer of those nightmare scenes that Goya painted out of his own inner suffering. Napoleon knew no language but the language of his ideal world, where he could know the bitterness of defeat, yes, but no news of deeper disorder that might reveal the duplicity of the ideal itself. I have been criticized for dehumanizing Johnson in the poem Up Rising, but such men have dehumanized themselves, removed themselves from the human consequences of their acts and from the disorders that underlie their rationalizations. Did they not have the immunity to the reality of what they are doing that the dehumanization of official identity and idealism gives, they would come into the full obsessional sickness of soul of their human state. Once we have seen Goya's scenes of the War we have penetrated the idealism of the governing ideals of his day and see the content of those ideals.

It would be easier if our fears were not identical with our hopes, and clearer if the forces of evil--of whatever would bind us against our will--which we see men give themselves over to could be disowned. To disown them from our own character, from the decisive stamp we created as our immediate "self" in being, we are resolved, in so far as we would contribute to the good; but we cannot disown these evils from the fate of Man in which as men we share. We must acknowledge how deeply the intent of the whole is dramatic, and where we would see further than our own sense of what is good to the goods of our history at large, we find them worked in darks as well as lights, in darks too that are good to us, comforting to our mere individual consciousness, and in lights that are painful and destructive. We cannot even then have the easy out of dividing the dark from the light as we would divide the painful from the pleasurable. In the truth of things we will find goods that are evil, that have a hold over us, tyrannical goods that have deprived us of creative freedom. Men have rightly often had the sense that catastrophies were "for their own good"; natural catastrophies liberate us from our accumulated works, fires that sweep

the ground for new growth. And men have awakened in the history of civilization again and again to the sense of the oppressive nature of existing order, as did the Christians in relation to the values of the Roman Empire at the very height of that Law, losing heart in the ideals of that order or turning against them whether it be in criminal or righteous outrage, become traitors, secret converts of an other kingdom. Then events appear as crises, repeated challenges of an oppressing stasis, or as apocalyptic holocausts, omens of the end of the world in which the wrath of judgement flares out, an up rising, in the creative intent that needs all the beings and things throughout time and space to realize itself- needs then this pattern of order and disorder. So we come in time to realize what has been involved in the ends of things, the ends of species that are without evolutionary consequence, the ends of generations in barren individuals, the ends of civilizations and ideas of world order. To be fully conscious, conscious here, that is, of the fullness of things in the context of which the things of our won world exist, is to be aware that such crises of judgement are not ultimate in themselves but the keeping alive of the ultimate in a creation where in judgement we know not what we do.

Here, thinking of our concern for World Order and for a language of that order, and of how our ideal of such an order is always betraying to every observer an other and an other order, so that those who would liberate us from the tyranny of unconscious intent but display the tyranny of conscious intent, I would call up that flash of divine insight that is embodied in the Christian religion when the Creative Intent Itself, at once a person of God and of history and (for He is the Word) a person of language, cries out, as Luke tells us He cried: "Father, forgive them; they do not know what they are doing." If the work of Creation be not a paranoid dream, the grand trap that Gnostics believed it to be, designed by a hostile and omnipotent all-knowing Creator--in which case the Crucifixion is a frame-up of some who do not know by those who know--but the labor of Spirit in every being and thing towards Its Self-realization, then not only those who crucify the Word but the very Word Himself knows not What is being done. Indeed, here, so much of other mind we are, we must be, wherever the Crucifixion as a living event, knowing anew what the participants in that event did not know they were doing. We are ourselves in our unhappy state as in our happiness new revelations of meaning that change the What that is at work in that event. This is the grievous impatience and the ecstatic patience we are fired by as we apprehend in all the disorders of our personal and social life the living desire and intent at work towards new orders.

April -- November 1968

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Black Mountain Review, complete in three volumes, with intro. by Robert Creeley, reprinted by AMS Press, NYC, 1969. No price listed.
- Gunslinger, Book II, by Edward Dorn, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.00
- Twenty-four Love Songs, by Edward Dorn, Frontier Press, San Francisco, 1969. \$2.00
- If He Can Make Her So, by Haniel Long, edited with intro. by Ron Caplan, Frontier Press, Pittsburg, 1969. Wrappers, \$3: Hard, \$6.
- What A Man Can See, by Russell Edson, with drawings by Ray Johnson, The Jargon Society, Penland, North Carolina, 1969. \$4.95.
- T & G, The Collected Poems (1936-1966), by Lorine Niedecker, The Jargon Society, Penland, North Carolina, 1969. \$4.95.
- Letters from the Earth to the Earth, by David McFadden, The Coach House Press, Toronto, 1969. \$3.00.
- Thanking My Mother For Piano Lessons, a poem by Diane Wakoski, the perishable press, horeb, wisconsin, 1969. \$15.00.
- Count Three, by Asa Benveniste, Maya Quarto Two, San Francisco, 1969. No price listed.
- Shekinah, by Jack Hirschman, Maya Quarto One, San Francisco, 1969. NPL.
- A Bibliography of Louis Zukofsky, by Celia Zukofsky, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. \$15.00.
- Tracks, poems 1966-1968, by J.D. Whitney, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY., 1969. \$4.00.
- Which Hand Holds The Brother, poems 1966-1968, by Simon Perchik, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY., 1969. \$4.00.
- The Empty Hands, by William Bronk, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY., 1969. \$6.00.
- 77 Dream Songs, by John Berryman, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, NYC, 1967. \$3.95.
- His Toy, His Dream, His Rest, by John Berryman, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, NYC, 1969. \$6.50.
- Stelae, by Victor Segalen, tr. by Nathaniel Tarn, Unicorn Press, Santa Barbara, Calif., 1969. NPL.
- Seaweed, by Armand Schwerner, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.00.
- The Tablets I-VIII, by Armand Schwerner, The Cummington Press, West Branch, Iowa, 1969. NPL.
- Indiana, by Clayton Eshleman, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.50.
- Human Poems / Poemas Humanos, by César Vallejo, a bilingual edition tr. by Clayton Eshleman, Grove Press, NY., 1969. Paper, \$2.95.
- A Pitchblende, by Clayton Eshleman, Maya Quarto Three, San Francisco, 1969. NPL.
- Earth House Hold, by Gary Snyder, New Directions, NY., 1969. Hard, \$5.00.
- hearth, by Cid Corman, with etchings by Ryohei Tanaka, origin press, Kyoto, Japan, 1968. NPL.

BOOKS RECEIVED (continued)

frogs & others, poems by Kusano Shimpei, tr. from the Japanese by Cid Cor-
man and Kamaike Susumu, a Mushinsha Ltd., Book, Grossman, NYC,
1969. \$8.50.

Tyrannus Nix? by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, New Directions, NYC, 1969. \$1.25.

Rocky Mountain Foot, by George Bowering, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto,
1969. \$3.95.

Lies, poems by C.K. Williams, Houghton Mifflin Co., NYC, 1969. \$4.00.

Many Happy Returns, by Ted Berrigan, Corinth Books, NYC, 1968. \$1.75.

The Ends of the Earth, by David Bromige, The Black Sparrow Press, Los
Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.00.

Pablo Neruda: A New Decade / Poems 1958-1967, tr. by Ben Belitt and Alas-
tair Reid, Grove Press, NYC, 1969. \$8.50.

The Truth & Life of Myth, An Essay In Essential Biography, by Robert Duncan,
House of Books, Ltd., NYC, 1968. \$15.00.

Anna Akhmatova / Selected Poems, tr. by Richard McKane, Oxford University
Press, NYC, 1969. \$3.75.

Golden Dances The Light on the Grass, by Vera Lachman, with English Prose
Versions by Spencer Holst, Castrvm Peregrini Press, Amsterdam,
1969. NPL.

Exercises for Ear, by Stephen Jonas, The Ferry Press, London, 1969. NPL.

Krazy Kat / The Unveiling & Other Stories from 1951-1968, by Fielding Daw-
son, with intro. by Robert Creeley, The Black Sparrow Press, Los
Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$5.00.

The Common Shore, Books I-V, by Robert Kelly, The Black Sparrow Press,
Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.50.

* * * * *

BRIEF NOTES: Contrary to a statement in the Robin's review of "Huncke's Journal", Herbert Huncke is not dead. He is very much alive, and Frontier Press will bring out a large collection of his writings this year. § "The Triune", a long poem by Frank Samperi, sections of which appeared in CAT-ERPILLAR #5, has just been privately published. Available thru Samperi, 225 Avenue T, Brooklyn, NY. \$2.50 § The Wilhelm Reich quote on page 1 of this issue is from "The Murder of Christ" by Wilhelm Reich, page 151, Noon-day Press, NYC, 1966. This book is Reich's "Jerusalem". § The Pass-untino black & white gouaches are all 38" x 26". § The existence of CAT-ERPILLAR is assured only thru #12. Unless support on a wider scale is given, the worm shall metamorphize and flutter by. § Please note that all new subscriptions and renewals go to 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013; orders for back issues (there are a few copies left of #3 thru #7) should be addressed to AMS Press, 56 East 13th Street, NYC, NY. § § §

CROTON PRESS, LTD.

1969-70



Editor: Michael Perkins

Publisher: Harold M. Wit

STOMPING THE GOYIM, Michael Disend

"... this is a brilliant novel which also has the virtue of being highly readable from beginning to end." (William S. Burroughs)

"I would say that at this moment *Stomping* is the must book of the significant and historically unique Lower East Side ... the precise state of mind of a prototypical post-hipster, post-Jew, multiple-personalities psychedelic man is articulated more brilliantly and impressively than I have ever experienced it before." (Seymour Krim) 140 pages, \$5.00 (hardbound)

COVERING GROUND: ESSAYS FOR NOW, Donald Phelps

"At last! Now we don't have to dig through the magazines we can never find to get that essay by Donald Phelps ... The important one on pornography, and the one I read and laughed and re-read on teeth, and the others on comic strips, movies, detective stories. You can walk around in this one. You can *think* inside this one, this one *works*. That essay on Buckley-wow, Wow." (Fielding Dawson)

"Donald Phelps is a phenomenon in contemporary American criticism." (Gilbert Sorrentino) 300 pages, \$7.50 (hardbound)

TROIA: MEXICAN MEMOIRS, Bonnie Bremser

Her account of her adventures as a hustler and other things in Mexico, 1961-62, where she fled with her child and fugitive convicted felon poet husband Ray Bremser. "Best book American come Mexico Kerouac's *Tristessa*; straightest story f---g being f'd complex whole woman ever read contemporary." (Seymour Krim) 200 pages, \$5.95 (hardbound)

RENIE PERKINS, Text by Michael Perkins

The life and work of a young painter who died by her own hand at the age of twenty-five, her life as told by her husband. 60 pages, \$1.50 (paper illustrated)

SPACE AGE, Clive Matson

Second book of poems by a uniquely talented poet, in his twenties, who speaks to his generation. 75 pages, \$3.95 (hardbound)

"The crystal here world,
color lights blinking,
the perfect Tarot people,
hushed,
exploded out in frozen poses against
walls and flower cushions,
buzzing. . . ."

A SHOVEL IS TO DIG WITH, Harold M. Wit, SHORTER POEMS, Michael Perkins

A double volume of poetry, pairing the first work of a Wall Street type (Wit) with the second book of poems by a noted pornographer/editor/poet (Perkins). 70 pages, \$1.95 (paper)

These books are available at or can be ordered through your nearest bookstore. Croton Press, Ltd. books are distributed by Small Publishers' Company, 276 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010 (212) OR 4-0980.

New Titles from The Sumac Press

THE HOUSE OF IBUKI
by
CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

A book length poem of Japan

Paperback \$1.95 Clothbound edition limited to 126 copies \$7.50

MAN FISHING
by
E. G. BURROWS

A new collection of poems by the author of THE ARTIC TERN

Paperback \$1.95 Clothbound edition limited to 126 copies \$7.50

FIVE BLIND MEN
NEW poems by: Dan Gerber
Jim Harrison
George Quasha
J. D. Reed
Charles Simic

Paperback \$1.95 Clothbound edition limited to 126 copies \$7.50

SUMAC

Denise Levertov Louis Simpson Clayton Eshleman Robert Kelly Ezra
Pound Gary Snyder James Tate Donald Hall Gerard Malanga Kenneth
Koch Nicanor Parra Diane Wakoski Octavio Paz Richard Hugo Paul
Blackburn Robert Duncan Tim Reynolds Robert Bly Etc.

SEPTEMBER, JANUARY, APRIL. \$1.50 Subscriptions: \$4.00

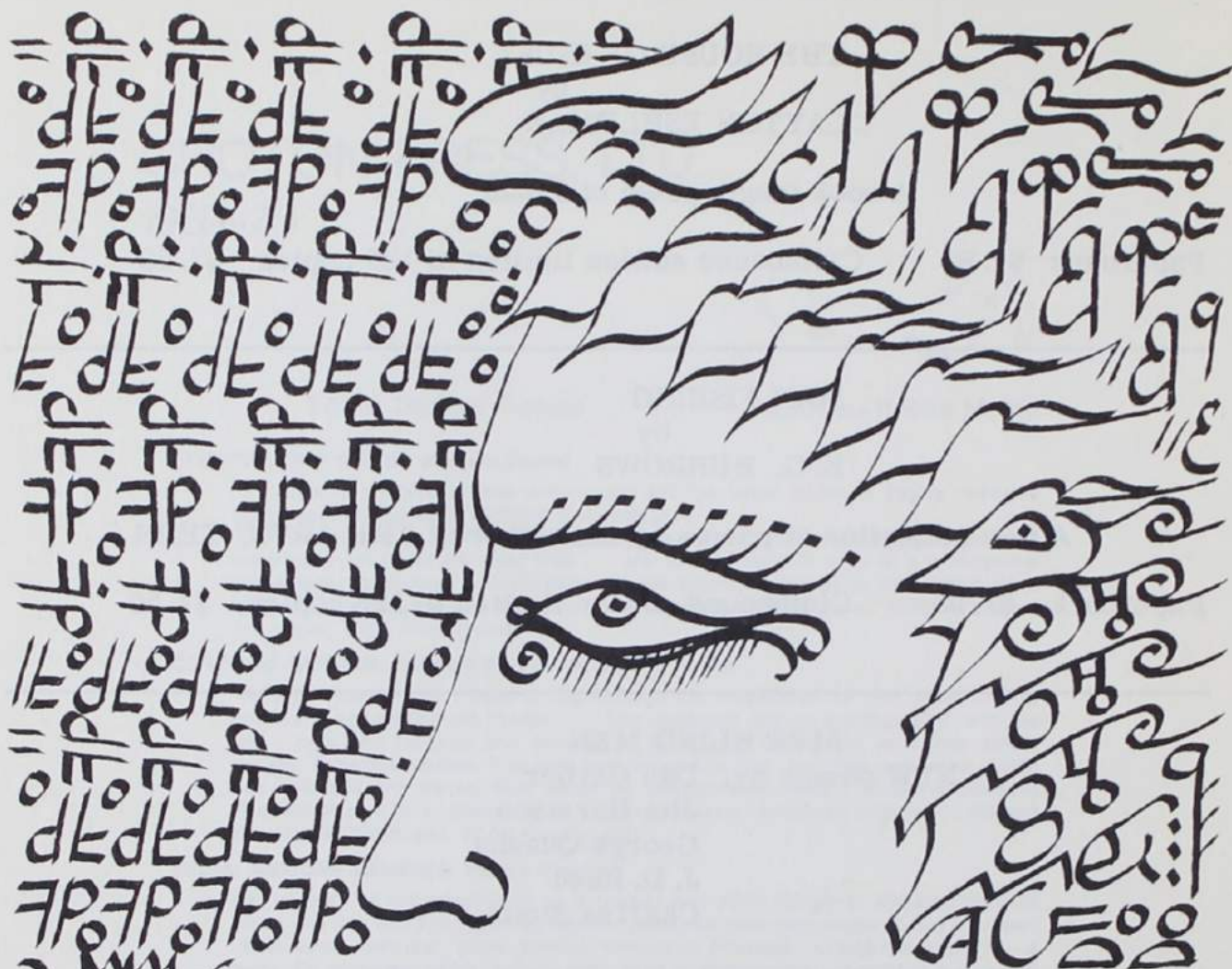


The Sumac Press

Edited D. G. J. H.

Postoffice Box 29

Fremont, Michigan 49412



PEACE EYE ^{\$3.00} by ED SANDERS

24 LOVE SONGS ^{\$2.00} by Edward Dorn

IF HE CAN MAKE HER ^{\$3.00} SD ^{paper} by Haniel ^{\$6.00} hard cover

edited and with an introduction by LONG

by RON CAPLAN

FRONTIER PRESS STEWART ST.

WEST NEWBURY, MASSACHUSETTS





PATHS OF THE MOUND BUILDING \$2.⁰⁰
INDIANS & GREAT GAME by Archer
ANIMALS by Butler
THE NEW EMPIRE by Brooks Hulbert
with an introduction by Adams \$3.75 paper
by Charles Olsen \$10.⁰⁰ hardcover
THE BOOK OF DANIEL DREW by Daniel
with an introduction by Edward Drew
Dorn \$4.⁰⁰ paper \$8.50 hardcover

PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST
\$4.⁰⁰ paper \$8.50 hardcover by Alexander
YEARS OF MADNESS by Berkman
W.E. Woodward
\$3.⁰⁰ paper \$6.⁰⁰ hardcover

Frontier Press · Stewart St., West Newbury, Massachusetts

Announcing:

THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY CIRCUIT

1800-A Blake Street, Berkeley, California 94703

Tel: (415) 549-1925

D Alexander

David Antin

Harvey Bialy

Paul Blackburn

Victor Coleman

Ted Enslin

Clayton Eshleman

Larry Goodell

Jack Hirschman

Kenneth Irby

Philip Lamantia

Jackson Mac Low

Michael McClure

Robert Kelly

Daphne Marlatt

David Meltzer

Jerome Rothenberg

Armand Schwerner

Charles Stein

Diane Wakoski

In its first season, 1970-1971,
THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY
CIRCUIT will be arranging readings
at colleges and universities for
these poets. For further inform-
ation and brochure, contact
Jeanetta Jones at the above
address.

* * *



FROM THE BLACK SPARROW PRESS--

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Edward Dorn
GUNSLINGER, BOOK II
Wrappers \$4

Clayton Eshleman
INDIANA
Wrappers \$4.50
Signed cloth
edition \$15

Robert Kelly
THE COMMON SHORE
Wrappers \$4.50
Signed cloth
edition \$15

Carol Berge
AN AMERICAN ROMANCE
Wrappers \$4

Fielding Dawson
KRAZY KAT/THE UNVEILING
Wrappers \$5
Signed cloth
edition \$15

CURRENTLY IN PRINT

David Antin
CODE OF FLAG BEHAVIOR
Wrappers \$5

George Economou
LANDED NATURES
Wrappers \$4

Paul Goodman
NORTH PERCY
Wrappers \$3

Ron Loewinsohn
THE STEP
Wrappers \$4

Gerard Malanga
LAST BENEDETTA POEMS
Wrappers \$3

David Bromige
THE ENDS OF THE EARTH
Wrappers \$4

Larry Eigner
AIR THE TREES
Wrappers \$5

Robert Kelly
FINDING THE MEASURE
Wrappers \$4.50

Michael McClure
LITTLE ODES
Wrappers \$3

Daphne Marlatt
LEAF LEAF/S
Wrappers \$3

Edward Dorn
GUNSLINGER, BOOK I
Wrappers \$4

Kenward Elmslie
THE CHAMP
Wrappers \$4.50

Kenneth Koch
WHEN THE SUN TRIES...
Wrappers \$3

Jackson Mac Low
22 LIGHT POEMS
Wrappers \$6

Rochelle Owens
SALT & CORE
Wrappers \$4.50

Jerome Rothenberg
POEMS 1964-1967
Wrappers \$5

Armand Schwerner
SEAWEED
Wrappers \$4

FORTHCOMING FALL PUBLICATIONS

Diane Wakoski
THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS
Wrappers \$4
Signed cloth
edition \$15

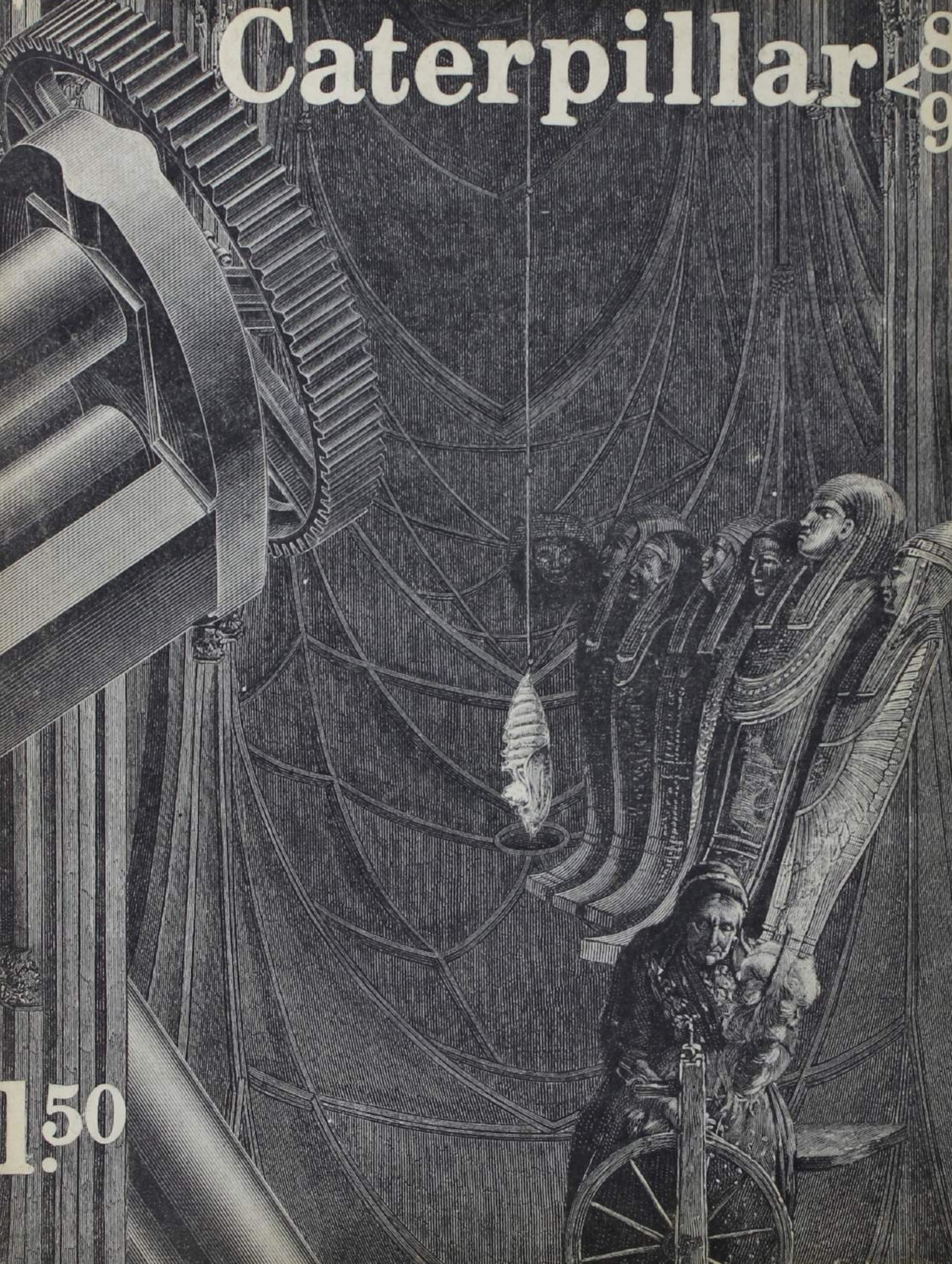
Charles Bukowski
THE DAYS RUN AWAY LIKE
WILD HORSES OVER THE HILLS
Wrappers \$4
Signed cloth
edition \$15

John Ashbery
FRAGMENT
Wrappers \$3
Signed cloth
edition \$15

Stephen Stepanchev
A MAN RUNNING IN THE RAIN
Wrappers \$4
Signed cloth edition \$15

David Posner
THE DIALOGUES
Wrappers \$4
Signed cloth edition \$15

Caterpillar 89



150